BRING THE GI's HOME!

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NEW MASSES

January 22, 1946

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LABOR AND YOU

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WHAT PSYCHOANALYSIS CAN DO

FURST answers WORTIS

LENIN: SCIENTIST OF SOCIALISM

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

WITH pleasure which anticipates yours, we're able to announce that Richard O. Boyer will cover the strike front for NM. He is on his way to the steel country now, and shortly will send us stories from there, as well as, later, interpretations of developments in the struggles of the packing house workers, GM, Western Electric, etc.

THE Mississippi River was tight frozen when we traveled back to the Midwest for vacation just before the holidays, but the people who live in that area weren't. Towns all the way cross country were gay and alive with cheerful plans for welcome-homes, and travel companions were generally congenial and considerate, in spite of cold, hours-late trains, and crowds.

But there was another element: a feeling of awareness and concern, a watchful interest in serious current problems. Not so long ago we remember tedious and occasionally bitter arguments in which we were reproached something like this: "You people who live in the East try too hard to save the country. You worry too much —we don't have to. This is good, rich farm land, plenty of food; we can live to ourselves and look after ourselves."

Now that attitude is different. With increasing unionization in the industrial and railroad centers which are set down close to the cornfields, with the war's changes, many who believed that their communities could be things apart have come in one degree or another to realize why they were wrong. They watch the labor front warily, recognizing the stake of all Americans in the present strikes, in the fight for more purchasing power. They are sharply concerned about housing, the issues facing returned servicemen, and they are articulate about these things. And long before President Truman's recent speech, Middle Westerners wrote to their Congressmen and lawmakers. McCormick's Chicago *Tribune* still has a large circulation, but there are an increasing number of people who do not read it, particularly since the war.

WHEN we got back to New York the office halls were stacked again with food to make up the second truckload which NM has collected for the 4,500 GM strikers at Tarrytown. Subscribers, readers, and friends of both have kept right on working to provide more groceries. Money was raised in all sorts of ways—the other day Mr. Max Bergen came up with thirty-six dollars which was collected at a "welcome" party for an Air Force captain, and there were many other such instances.

All of which is proof that hundreds of thousands of workers and professionals who are not on strike know why it is essential that they not only support the present strikers with lip service and help on picket lines, but make sacrifices every day to give the material help necessary if this great battle of all wage-earners is to be won. Keep those groceries or the money coming. NM will continue to be a collection depot.

SOME of the most stimulating mail we've seen for a long time is the varied response to Lewis Merrill's column "Labor and a People's Art" (NM, Dec. 11, 1945). Mr. Merrill, as most of our readers know, is president of the United Office and Professional Workers-CIO, and his discussion of the trade unions' role in bringing about a "people's culture" as usual stirred up a number of other ideas and argument.

Much of this discussion will be published in future issues. If the threshing out of these problems in NM leads to action, it won't be the first time: and there seems to be fair unanimity of opinion that this question needs action. If you haven't had time to read the article, why don't you do so now, and add your thoughts to the general collection?

IN OUR next issue Professor Eugen Varga, well-known Soviet economist, appears with an article, "The Postwar Economic Outlook"—a theoretical analysis of what usually gets called "business cycles" and related circumstances to be expected in the coming period. We think you'll want to read it. M. DE A.

NEW MASSES
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NEW DAY IN STAMFORD

By LILLIAN STONE

Stamford, Conn.

I got off the train at Stamford and into a taxi with the photographer and writer covering the strike for "Life" magazine. We told the driver to take us to the Town Hall Square where the demonstration was to be held, but it was almost noon and noon was the hour it would begin—he didn't think he could get us very far, the streets were all blocked up, we'd have to walk.

The men from "Life" asked him, "How'd you like to wait for us here—relax with us for the day? We need someone to drive us around." The taxicab driver shook his head; they thought he hadn't understood. The question was repeated, the Yale accent persuasive, a little impatient underneath—"We'll pay you. You won't lose by it. It'll be worth your while"—with the easy, ostentatious assurance of a Henry Luce expense account.

"No," said the driver, and he didn't seem tempted. He shook his head toward the square where the people were gathering. "I'm going down there. Should be there now. Can't drive around today."

Late that evening I ran into the men from "Life" again going back to New York. "That taxi driver was a moron," one said, still somewhat annoyed. "He didn't understand what we were offering him." "Maybe he'd rather be in the strike," I said. They looked blank; it hadn't occurred to them. How had they spent their day? Well, they'd looked in on the demonstration—hadn't stayed long—but the main thing (and they were triumphant about this) they'd made a tour of all the plants around and found a machine running, so it wasn't a general strike at all. And they told me what the owner of that plant told them, and so on. What had I done? Well, I'd gone to the demonstration, talked to the workers, gone out to see the picketline and the soup kitchen, and spent the afternoon going into stores and talking to ordinary people of Stamford—shopowners, salesmen, people in the street.

"How could you get the truth that way?" they asked cynically. "Probably everybody you talked to was for the strike."

"They were," I said. "That was the story."

* * *

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT, is a city of 65,000. Its main industry is the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co., one of the largest hardware manufacturers in the United States. Once it was the only large factory in Stamford and more than half of the city's industrial workers were on its payroll; it is still by far the largest plant in the city and employs twenty percent of Stamford's workers. Most of the people in this town either work for Yale & Towne, or have worked there, or have someone in their family there. Everybody in this town, from the bookbinder at Conde Nast and the butcher on Atlantic Avenue to the policeman directing traffic on the corner of Main Street, knows and will tell you how Yale & Towne has kept down its workers, tried to break their union and how it has run the town.

Notorious for its low wages—low for the industry, low for the area—the company had a favorite practice of sudden ten percent cuts with a hard-luck story of business being bad, whenever workers managed to get wages up a little. When the workers began organizing in the International Association of Machinists-AFL to fight for better wages and conditions, the company resorted to every union-busting practice to prevent organization—and that story is on file with the LaFollette Committee.

It was not only the workers of Yale & Towne who felt its tyranny. It is common knowledge in Stamford that for many years this company manipulated zoning laws to keep other industries out of town—a loose labor market was necessary to maintain its low wage standards. How does a company run a town? Yale & Towne ran Stamford politics because all elected city officials used to work part-time for Yale & Towne. They had to work there to be elected in the first place; and in office they kept right on working part-time. Running the economics of a company town is even simpler—the company's directors dominate the board of directors of the local banks and the Chamber of Commerce; they overpower the worker, the mayor, the retail merchant and the newspaper publisher. It would be risking financial suicide to go against the will of such a company.

This winter many Stamford citizens took that risk. On Nov. 7, 1945, the 3,000 employes of Yale & Towne went out on strike; the company, after eight months of negotiation, was refusing to bargain in good faith on the issues of a closed shop and thirty percent wage increase. The day the strike opened W. Gibson Carey, Jr., Yale & Towne president and onetime head of the US Chamber of Commerce, informed his stockholders that he had granted maintenance of membership during the war only under protest. (His refusal to discuss any form of union security is considered the opening of a statewide drive to eliminate maintenance of membership clauses from union contracts.)

IT WAS like any other strike in the winter of 1945 until Carey, sitting in his office in the Chrysler Building, pulled the strings that brought the state militia into Stamford. The picketing had been peaceful and orderly; the local police had no complaints; there had been no violence. Then suddenly in the eighth week of the strike Gov. Raymond Baldwin ordered in the militia to break up the mass picketing that was keeping Carey, company officials and foremen out of the plant. Seven pickets were arrested, and the city of Stamford was united in its fury.

The AFL and CIO "had never spoken to each other in Stamford," as one AFL official put it. Now for the first time they came together, breaking not only their own tradition but the edict of AFL Pres. Wiliam Green and the AFL Executive Council. They formed the Combined Stamford Labor

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Organizations to call a citywide walkout to back up the Yale & Towne strikers.

"It was a necessity to get together," local IAM head Joe Ficarro told me. "Every family had someone belonging to the AFL and some in the CIO. We all knew what was going on. It's the only way we can win." It was the nation's first general strike since 1934 and the first citywide work stoppage in the state of Connecticut.

All industry stopped, including Stamford's other large plants—Schick Dry Shaver, du Pont's Atlas Powder Co., Norma Hoffman Roller Bearing, Petroleum Heat & Powder, Stamford Rolling Mills—and the Conde Nast Publications at Greenwich and the plants of nearby Portchester and Norwalk, whose workers came to Stamford to join the demonstration. The small plants stopped too—the clothing mills and the machine shops—and in the business section the barbers, the barkeepers, the butchers and the retail merchants turned the keys in their locks and came out to join the strikers. Only the utilities kept running—at the specific request of the union because of a flu epidemic.

IT WAS a cold, bright day. The sun shone on the workers' banners, and the music of their bands and their marching feet sounded clearly in the air. The whole city was silent to give that sound a frame—and it was a very great sound. They swung through the streets from all sides into the Town Hall square, a typical New England town hall square which had seen the town meetings in which American democracy was born, and the town's minutemen march off in the first fight for American freedom. Marching feet were not strange to its greensward, nor was the freedom and equal share of the American way of life for which these people asked, nor was the great passion for freedom and fury against tyranny in their words.

Column after column they marched carrying their banners—AFL building trades, CIO mill and smelter workers, AFL typographers and journeymen barbers, CIO shipbuilders, gas, coke and chemical workers led by a color guard of GI's ("WE LICKED THE AXIS —WE CAN LICK THE CAREYS"), AFL bookbinders, printers, movie operators, ladies' garment workers ("LABOR IS NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF— IT MUST BE PAID FOR"), and the 3,000 workers of Yale & Towne ("MERCHANTS OF STAMFORD—CAREY MUST NOT DICTATE YOUR DESTINY. WE LOSE —YOU LOSE"), ("WE WILL NOT GO BACK TO THE OLD DAYS").

There were middle-aged women wearing shawls over their heads against the cold, eager to tell how they each gave one dollar a week in their shops for the strikers, old-timers in overalls who'd worked for Yale & Towne for twenty-two years and were proud to stand the coldest night watches on the picket line, old New Englanders, sons and daughters of the American Revolution, and Italian-Americans, Polish-Americans, Jewish and Negro people who are so much a part of the present New England; there were veterans, welcomed by signs on every lamppost reading "WE WON ONE FIGHT, WE'LL WIN THIS ONE TOO," and children, who seemed to know this wasn't just an ordinary parade. And then there were crowds on the sidewalks, men in business clothes, white-collar people, housewives—and the workers marching by called to them, "Come on, come with us." And singly and in twos and threes the townspeople stepped from the sidelines and into the street with the marchers. Between 15,000 and 20,000 people demonstrated in Stamford's Town Hall square that day, and only 10,000 were workers.

NICHOLAS FRANCHINI, supporting a wife and two children on a weekly take-home pay that dropped after the war from sixty-five to thirty-eight dollars, told me, "We're going to stick it out until we get what we want. The whole town's behind us."

Carey had given as the main reason for refusing to discuss the closed shop that "it wouldn't be fair to the old-timers to force them to join the union." Old-timer Hans W. Jacobsen, who's lived in Stamford all his life and worked at Yale & Towne since 1912, marched in the demonstration and again on the picket line in the evening, keeping a wary eye on the state troopers gathered half a block away.

"I remember how it was in the old days before the union came," Jacobsen said. "We'd get up to so much money —then Carey'd say business was bad and there'd be a ten percent cut. Another month or so there'd be another ten percent cut—and soon it'd add up to forty percent and fifty percent. The old-timers don't agree with Mr. Carey. We'll stick by the union."

As for the townspeople, the little businessmen told their story in the blue and white signs in the windows along Atlantic Street and Main Street and throughout the business section—"WE ARE IN THE FIGHT WITH YOU, WORKERS OF YALE & TOWNE." There were signs in meat shops and bakeries, clothing stores, dry cleaners, bars, restaurants, jewelry stores, department stores.

Among all the tokens of courage in Stamford that day, these signs were among the most impressive. For the head of the Chamber of Commerce had called every merchant in town and told him he must be "impartial" in this strike, that he must remove the sign. The signs were not removed.

"You can't be impartial," said Ben Wainsten, proprietor of Groyda's Clothing Store. "You're either for or against. If you take the sign out, if you don't speak up, you're against labor. It's like business—you either go ahead or you'll be broke."

His wife came out from behind the counter. "Be careful what you're saying," she cautioned. "You'll get in trouble." But he wanted to tell me why he supported the strikers. "You're a reporter," he said. "You work—you have to eat. So do I. I don't have the aristocratic trade—just the everyday, ordinary fellow. They get better wages —I get better business.

"Some businessmen on this street say, 'Well, it's their problem, stay out of it.' I don't agree. It's all our problem. It wasn't just Germany's business when Hitler killed the Jews and the people in Europe. It's everybody's business when someone tries to break people.

"Besides," he added, "the gulf between workers and little businessmen is very small. Fifteen years ago I came within an inch of being one of them myself." And then, looking at his wife as if he shouldn't be saying it, he whispered, "Even if I did have the aristocratic trade, I'd still be for the strike, but I couldn't show it so openly."

When I asked the owner of a butcher store on Atlantic Avenue why he supported the strikers, the salesmen and all the customers stopped to listen. He didn't want his name used, but this is what he said: "We all work for a living. Our customers, a lot of them, come from Yale & Towne. Yale & Towne always kept the workers down. They never would pay good wages before the war. They didn't let any other factories in because they'd raise wages and they'd have to raise wages, too." The butcher had not got his argument from an economics book; he was sweating under his white cap as he tried to put his reasons into words; but he knew very clearly what he was doing.

"Business in general is in sympathy with the aims of the strike," said the

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LENIN

Lenin walks around the world.
Frontiers cannot bar him.
Neither barracks nor barricades impede.
Nor does barbed wire scar him.

Lenin walks around the world.
Black, brown, and white receive him.
Language is no barrier.
The strangest tongues believe him.

Lenin walks around the world.
The sun sets like a scar.
Between the darkness and the dawn
There rises a red star.

LANGSTON HUGHES.

operator of a second-hand and antique store, with an insurance and real estate business in back. "The trouble was," he said (and this was later remedied) "that there was no organization to work through." He had gone to the union local and offered to form a businessmen's committee himself. Lots of businessmen had told him they would be willing to contribute fifty dollars or more, and to sign their names to ads, and they had a newspaperman who would help the union write statements, etc. "Everybody thinks the union should have more pay and a closed shop, all except a few wealthy ones," he said. "We'd get more business, that's the answer."

IT's an answer that's being given in more than words. Contributions of food, clothing, coal and money have been pouring into the union's soup kitchen and relief committee, from the workers through their shops, from independent organizations, from individuals and from firms. One merchant donated drug supplies, another coke for the picket line stoves; a bakery delivers seventy dozen buns each day and another bakery calls every night with the day's leftover supply of bread. The city's restaurants have been supplying the soup, and butchers the cold cuts. At the time of the general strike the soup kitchen was looking after 200 needy families—600 to 800 people—as well as the 1,500-2,000 coming into the kitchen daily.

Many stores have offered discounts and credits until the strike is over. Frankel's Department Store went on the air to offer the strikers extended credit. "We have a lot of customers in Yale & Towne," Mr. Frankel told me. "We're willing to take care of their necessities."

EVEN the local police have shown an undisguised friendliness to the strikers. No cordon was thrown around the City Hall square during the demonstration; people were free to come and go as they wished. Several policemen were detailed to guard the union leaders against being disturbed in their conferences. When I came out of the union office the police showed me the way to the elevator and asked eagerly, "The boys are doing all right, don't you think?"

The local newspaper has been impartial during this strike—"for a change," the workers say.

And finally the mayor, Charles E. Moore, a Republican, defying the old tradition that Stamford mayors work for Yale & Towne, acted as a true representative of the people. During negotiations the company's attorney, Weldon P. Monson, expressed sympathy for the way the mayor was being "intimidated" by the union.

"That's not true," the mayor shouted, jumping to his feet. "Do you want me to tell you who has been trying to intimidate me? The only intimidation I've seen around here is from Yale & Towne! The man doesn't live who can intimidate me. But because I wouldn't send police down to crack skulls I've been slandered in the papers and photostats of editorials have been sent out all over the country. I've stood up and said: 'To hell with you!' "

The Stamford general strike reached far beyond that single noon and the limits of that single city. The heads of both the AFL and CIO there told me they meant to go on with their Combined Labor Organization, to make it permanent. They said they wanted to run labor men in the next election, and the businessmen contemplating formation of an independent committee spoke of joining with labor to defeat Clare Booth Luce next November.

Leaders of the machinists' union came from New York, Pennsylvania and throughout New England to pledge support to the Stamford strikers—and went away with hope for a strong, united labor movement. IAM leaders, facing the wrath of the AFL executive council in their battle for labor unity, tore up the cautious, conservative speeches they had prepared in advance and spoke to meet the passion of the people before them.

"Here in Stamford a new unity of the AFL and CIO is being born," IAM General Vice Pres. Samuel Newman told the demonstration: "They have joined together in this fight against an attack upon all labor. A few months ago the CIO was under attack in Connecticut—now it is the AFL. How can members of the CIO and AFL, many of whom come from the same family and eat together at the same table, remain divided? Working together, with business and the people behind them, they will show Mr. Carey he can no longer run Stamford."

The men from "Life" stopped at the newsstand and we picked up the late papers with their sensational headlines about the Stamford general strike—a circus, a carnival, a crime against property, a big sensational story. Was that the truth the "Life" men were looking for?

Or was the truth the story I heard from the lips of the people of Stamford—the story of a town ruled for many years by one company, whose greed for profit robbed the people of many generations of the good life and the unafraid heart, and how one day the people of that town came together, and knew their own strength—knew that united they were more powerful than the industrial giant, and they stood up and showed him their strength. And, while the battle was not won in that day, it taught the people how to win—and they knew that one day victory would be theirs.

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WHO'S RUNNING TRUMAN?

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

SENATORS Robert A. Taft of Ohio, Joseph Ball of Minnesota and Forrest C. Donnell of Missouri, spokesmen for management and the most reactionary of the Republicans on the Senate Education and Labor Committee, were needling Secretary of Labor Lewis Schwellenbach about the administration's fact-finding bill. Ignoring the fact that the bill, by hamstringing labor's right to strike, penalizes unions from the outset, they were critical because it had no penalty clause as such with which to proceed against a union after, according to the bill's provisions, a strike is declared illegal. What reason was there to think the thirty-day cooling-off period would do any good? asked Senator Taft, one Senate big business spokesman who does not bother with the niceties of pretending to speak for the people at large. "The President asks the union to return to work, and it says, no, we won't do it."

Schwellenbach assured him that when the General Motors workers were asked to return to work they were out on strike. "I doubt if they would have gone out on a strike if the statement had been made prior to that time," he said. Senator Taft cut through that little rationalization with a snort. "The steel people were not out on strike and they just declared they are not going to pay any attention to the President's request."

As it happens, the "steel people"—the United Steelworkers of America—did at the President's request postpone their strike for a week once US Steel had come as far as offering a fifteen-cents-an-hour increase.

Quietly, under Philip Murray's leadership, the steel workers went on preparing their strike. That is why, and the only reason why, they are likely to win a decent increase, it is agreed in labor circles here. If they had not, they would have had to be content with a nickel or a dime from US Steel. In a sense, of course, the steel industry won—it won its fight against Price Administrator Chester Bowles, thanks to Reconversion Director John Snyder. Twice it had defied the government and refused to bargain until it got price relief. And it got plenty—probably four dollars a ton. And all this will make more intense the broad struggle against the high cost of living which labor will have to carry out. The President in his recent appeal to the nation to put the pressure of the unorganized on Congress for legislation against the organized workers did so within the framework of a phony impartiality. He at least went through the motions of saying in effect, "a curse on both of your houses." Yet within a few days he truckled to Big Steel, allowed Snyder to override Bowles and gave Big Steel the big price increase.

Whatever happens now, the real showdown with the corporations will come in the fall when these contracts are up for renewal. In the meantime the CIO, assuming satisfactory settlements now, is free to launch an intensive drive to organize the very unorganized Mr. Truman appeared to address himself to. Months ago it was decided to raise a $1,000,000 fund for this big organization drive, which will soon get under way, it is expected, and engage the new-found militancy of the workers in a challenging battle against the employers who cling to their closed-shop dream.

IN ALL the summing-up and stock-taking going on in the Capital, there is absolutely no tendency to see Mr. Truman in the light of the great white knight who comes riding up at the eleventh hour and by the simple expedient of granting a price increase of four dollars a ton to steel, frees the country of the horrors of strikes by "hot-heads" and "unreasonable" labor leaders.

It is probably only the Truman circle itself that entertains any such romantic notions. Ben Fairless, head of US Steel, whether or not he was posing as the maiden in distress who had to be rescued, has, along with other big business spokesmen, shown himself to be peculiarly contemptuous of the Truman administration. Twice he flouted the administration's plea to get down to business of negotiating with the union. And GM's president, C. E. Wilson, could not bother to run down to Washington to meet with Schwellenbach when first asked. Senators Taft and Ball, et al., instead of beaming gratitude for the Norton-Ellender bill, sneer at it for being a half-way measure, while they plug for sanctions—against unions, of course. The US Chamber of Commerce spokesman coughs with embarrassment, praises Truman's motive, but is rather shocked at the impoliteness of inserting a provision to give fact-finding boards subpoena powers which might be used to make corporations open their books. (Not that they would really have to for a period of the years during which they challenged the authority of the boards in the courts.)

There is no pressure on big industry to give Truman real support. It is too easy for the building lobbyists and the steel trust to get what they want by means of the back door. So long as Truman has men around him like Snyder and George E. Allen, they can get the favors without more ado. Allen, as a vice president of the Home Insurance Co. of New York, and director of Aviation Corporation and Consolidated Vultee (two of the ubiquitous Victor Emanuel's interests), as well as Penn Mutual Life Insurance and Republic Steel Corp., is said to give the President the same sort of cynical advice in domestic affairs as Secretary of State James F. Byrnes gives where foreign policy is concerned.

ASK around Washington, and labor people will tell you that, without their becoming prognosticators, they just cannot see Philip Murray bouncing back with ease. They will say that Mr. Murray—the whispering barrage to the contrary—never regretted going on the air and saying just what he did about Mr. Truman's cowardice in recommending the cooling-off legislation aimed at the heart of labor's rights. They will say that he did it with great deliberateness, that nothing has happened to shake him in that break with the administration. Moreover, that he does not disassociate the President from such advisers around him as Snyder and Allen, whom Mr. Murray likes about as much as he does any other Republic Steel associate.

It is well known that Robert E. Hannegan, Postmaster General and chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is fully aware that no Democratic candidate would have a ghost of a chance at carrying the elections in 1948 without labor support. He is said, however, to harbor a nice comfortable concept that labor has no place else to go. There are others around the committee—in less powerful spots, it is true—who do not share Mr. Han-

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negan's abiding faith in a static world where labor always votes Democratic.

The trouble is that these more realistic associates of Hannegan's do not have the ear of Mr. Truman, who is doubtless soothed as well as misled by Snyder and Allen telling him he's doing a dandy job. Thus Truman has insulated himself from reality by inaugurating policies which discouraged the liberals in the government, so that most of them have fled, one by one, and those who have not, like Mr. Ickes and Mr. Wallace, are becoming conspicuous for remaining. In the process, as one observer explained it, a man who starts out aiming to do the "smart" political thing by carrying on under the Roosevelt legacy of liberalism in a capitalist democracy, but having no convictions, begins to drift. In his cheerful belief he need not heed the direction the boat is taking so long as no one rocks it, he surrounds himself with nonentities and Snyder-Allens. He will listen to no one. The people whom labor used to be able to phone and go to—Mrs. Roosevelt, Harry Hopkins, and later, Robert Nathan (former WPB brainy man, and later office of War Mobilization and Reconversion trouble-shooter) — are gone. There is no one Murray can talk to, for he does not talk to Snyder. Neither, I take it, does anyone in the AFL, after AFL Economist Boris Shishkin's recent public blast at Snyder. But Ben Fairless can give Snyder a buzz on the phone with ease. The building lobby can give its "realtor" readers scoops on what Snyder will do on price control for building materials—and did, until Snyder was forced by the storm of public protest to change his position.

It was Truman's sycophants such as John Steelman, labor adviser, who leaked to reporters—off the record—the "dope" that other CIO people, particularly from Detroit, were calling the White House and saying they felt terrible because Murray lost his temper and "embarrassed" the President by his speech. This same curious personal viewpoint runs through the President's labor speech. He is irritated at labor. Labor is not behaving. Of course, GM is not behaving either—but that just goes to show we should have legislation giving fact-finding boards powers to subpoena books, he says primly.

Not only has the whole important presidential liaison with labor and progressives, which was in large part responsible for Mr. Roosevelt's "magic" ability to keep an ear to the ground and hear the grass roots grow, now fallen apart and vanished; Mr. Truman apparently has taken a real leap away from the position of his September speech in which he pointed to the need of "substantial" wage increases. Like a man who doesn't realize that it is his own job to make our economy run smoothly, he is petulant with labor. He nowhere points out, as even his wishy-washy Secretary of Labor did in testimony on the Norton-Ellender bill, that negotiations had broken down because of the failure to raise wages and restore the workers' reductions in take-home pay.

Labor knows a pill even when it is sugar-coated, and the fact that the President threw in the whole Roosevelt legislative program as an also-must did not make the speech more palatable. But the most serious aspect of it was his assumption that there is some vast middle section of our economy, some big body of voters who stand outside of the class structure of society. To these mythical characters he appealed, and the inference was plain—that the organized workers, who were putting organized pressure on Congress, were working against the nation's interests. His assumption that the man who belongs to a union and brings home a paycheck is not a consumer, has not been the foremost voice in the country for years representing consumers, may have been a whimsy of the moment, but it will not be forgotten by labor very soon. In this the AFL and the CIO are not far apart.

It is pointed out here by labor people that two great periods of militancy and growth on the part of labor have been registered in the last ten years. One was during the period of the sit-down strikes. The other was the recent period, when labor mobilized to fight a wage battle which was more than a narrow union fight—it was, as Truman said in his speech—with different implications—the decisive fight to decide which way our economy was going in this next period. The fact that labor undertook this fight before the real damage had been done, before the cutback in take-home pay in some industries had been fully accomplished, before mass unemployment set in, was a mark of labor's maturity. And during this period the workers have learned more about the actual working of our economy, more about profits and their relation to the amount of food the workers have on their table, than ever before; this is another tribute to their growing political awareness.

The fact is that not a single big wage fight in any industry has been conducted without an attempt on the part of management to change the intent of our federal wage policy formulated ten years ago in the Wagner act. GM, for instance, wanted to change the Wage and Hour Act, to have workers work a forty-five-hour week. In the steel industry, Little Steel is flagrant in its unconcern about unions, and Big Steel is willing only to use unions to handle grievances, not to bargain with in a real sense.

The explanation of this, according to labor experts, lies in the fact that monopoly has grown by leaps and bounds, particularly during the war period. The economic aspirations of the workers run smack into the shrinking area of control by fewer and fewer persons, and those few are dominated largely by the Sloans, du Ponts and Eugene Graces of industry. Their philosophy is narrow to the point of being embraced simply by a ruthless drive to destroy unions. All this is accentuated by the growing control of industry by the banking groups with the most class-conscious determination—so that publications by the "Society of Sentinels," instead of being a scandal and an outrage which would fool no one, are accepted.

But despite what Mr. Truman thinks, these labor circles point out, America still is a country of workers. And it is as a spokesman for the unorganized as well as the organized that Phil Murray has emerged in this period. In a remarkably short time, the shortest period of history in which a presidential career has been accompanied by a complete changeover, and the initiative and buoyancy of a capitalist democratic nation dissipated, Murray has had to transform himself from being a right arm to a President who realized that organized labor had to be listened to in the making of national policy, into an independent leader. He has emerged, however, strengthened both subjectively and objectively in his relationship to the workers. We have seen, too, as labor circles point out, a growing solidarity among the big and little CIO international unions. And there is a growing unity between CIO and AFL in many places like that in Stamford, Conn., strike. Murray has been sent many testimonials of support on his speech from rank-and-file AFLers.

Now, in the coming months, the best union leadership understands that one of its chief problems is the developing of improved techniques in political action which will advance this solidarity and militancy.

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RICHARD O. BOYER'S PAGE

THE UNFURLED BANNER

THE difficulty of giving one's loyalty to a brave new world and one's time to Mammon is occasionally the subject of conversation among Communist writers. Such conversations, before the period of revision, were a bit more frequent than later. Then bourgeois success was somehow elevated to the point of Communist virtue and it was felt, if not expressed, that when a writer fought his way to safety and $50,000 a year he was also in some mysterious fashion making a great contribution as a revolutionary. Who has not been told by such a one, "I'm really more valuable as an unproclaimed Communist than I could be in any other way. Besides"—this solemnly—"I've been advised against publicly announcing my views."

It was freely admitted in many Marxist circles that a writer who had a character break off from a buck and wing in an annual Hollywood musical and say "I'm for democracy" was doing more for progress than if he gave his whole time, being and soul to the cause of socialism. Of course this phenomenon of American Communism under Browder was by no means confined to Hollywood writers or any other kind of writer. It was general among middle-class American Communists, nor was it even confined to the middle class. Some Communists argued that in preserving secrecy they were preserving their usefulness in an approaching time of fascist repression, ignoring the fact that one afraid to act under the easy conditions of peace would never budge under the lethal conditions of war.

These reflections are induced by reading *Aragon, Poet of the French Resistance*.* Aragon never inflicted that castrating treachery upon himself of believing one thing and living another. With what must seem to some either obtuseness or recklessness his views and his actions were publicly one long before the war. He rejected moral suicide. Perhaps there are those who will take refuge in that comfortable bromide of differing "objective conditions," but the objective conditions in France were such that Aragon received a sentence of five years for writing "Red Front." The objective conditions in France were such that some eighty Communist deputies in the French parliament were sentenced to prison as a sequel to Munich.

I believe that the objective situation on Broadway, Main Street and in Hollywood is a little milder than it was in France either before or during the war. Perhaps the difference between Aragon and some American Communists rests in opposing values. Perhaps Aragon felt that playing Communism while obtaining ease and security was not an imperative justified by objective conditions so severe as to be comforting.

Speaking of objective conditions, Aragon describes a sequence in his poem about Gabriel Peri, foreign editor of the Communist *l'Humanite* and executed by the Nazis:

". . . If it had to be done all over
I would take this road again"
The voice that sang tomorrow's song
Rose from the iron chains.

Two men, they say, came into his cell,
Came stealing in that night.
They said to him, "Give in, give in,
Are you tired of life and light?

Only a word and you can live,
One word will set you free;
Say but a word and you can live
Like us on bended knee."

". . . If it had to be done all over
I would take this road again."
The voice that sang tomorrow's song
Rose from the iron chains. . . .

AND yet one must conclude that the reluctance to mention the word Communist—although it is a proud word—is an American phenomenon rather than a reluctance confined to some party members. Still it is rather sad to find the actions of Communist writers reflecting their environment rather than changing it. An instance of an almost psychopathic aversion to the truth, when it involves Communism or Communists, can be found in the volume under discussion, *Aragon, Poet of the French Resistance*, which is edited by non-Communists. Although the central fact of Aragon's being, according to his own testimony, is the fact that he is a Communist, this germinal truth, from which flows all other truth in his life, is virtually omitted.

In a book concerning honesty, every circumlocution, evasion, equivocation and subterfuge possible is used to obscure the fact that Aragon is a Communist. Halfway through the work's 167 pages, in a single sentence as fleeting as a punctuation mark, there is an equivocation that almost states the chief pride of Aragon's years. In one other place there is a single indirect reference. Peter C. Rhodes, said to be an honest and courageous man, writes a long essay on "Aragon: the Resistance Leader," paying tribute to Catholic fighters of the Underground, but never once mentioning the well-known fact that Aragon is a Communist or that the underground work he praises was Communist work inspired and directed by the Communist Party of France.

Hannah Josephson and Malcolm Cowley, editors of the book, are equally silent as if they are proud of what Aragon writes but not of what he thinks, as if they approve his actions but not what he is, as if they did not know that what a man writes, thinks and acts *is* what he is and an unbreakable unity.

To write of a man and leave out his heart and brain; to account for his spirit and omit that which makes it burn; to attest to his honesty and in doing so to become dishonest not only as writers but to Aragon; to speak of his life and obscure the conscious foundation that gives it meaning—this, to my mind, is not only intellectual dishonesty but intellectual cowardice.

The volume's equivocations and omissions are carried to absurd lengths. Footnotes explain the identity of Blondel,

* ARAGON, POET OF THE FRENCH RESISTANCE. *Edited by Hannah Josephson and Malcolm Cowley. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.*

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the companion of Richard Coeur-de-Lion, and even of certain bridges, but there is none to reveal the identity of the hero of the "Ballad Of One Who Sang At The Stake." He was, of course, Gabriel Peri, the Communist editor.

At the stake he was singing the Marseillaise,
"The bloodstained banners wave."
It took a second volley of lead
To keep him from ending the stave.

Another song rose to his lips,
French as the song replaced,
Yet chanted as a Marseillaise
For all the human race.

Does Peri set too high a standard for American Communists? It is a standard met by German Communists and French, Russian, Chinese, Polish, Spanish, Czech, Indonesian, Brazilian, Yugoslavian, and Indian Communists. It is a standard more difficult to meet in peace, perhaps, than it is in war. Peri met it, as did Aragon, in peace as well as war.

Is it too high for us?

SCIENTIST OF SOCIALISM

By A. B. MAGIL

JOHN REED describes Lenin as "a leader purely by virtue of intellect; . . . without picturesque idiosyncrasies—but with the power of explaining profound ideas in simple terms, of analyzing a concrete situation. And combined with shrewdness, the greatest intellectual audacity."

It is certain John Reed did not intend the phrase, "purely by virtue of intellect," in the narrow scholastic sense. What he undoubtedly meant was that Lenin influenced millions not by rhetoric and glittering oratory, but by his mastery of the science of social change. In the twenty-two years that have passed since his death both that science and Lenin's use of it have taken on new stature.

This is the first Lenin anniversary since Jacques Duclos, one of the leaders of the French Communist Party, exploded a bomb under the American Communists for having abandoned Marxism and boarded up the treasure house of Lenin's thought and work. I don't think any of us need be ashamed of feeling a sense of shame over what happened and our individual part in it. But there is also reason for pride that the bourgeois liberal ersatz which Earl Browder spoon-fed the American Communist Party was so speedily expelled, that the Party's inner core remained uncorrupted and is in process of renewing its vigor in the clear springs of Marxist-Leninist science. In this there is no ritual or dogma. Those who conceive of independent thinking as independence from science, whether it is the science of Marx or Copernicus, merely affirm their own dependence on the superstitions and illusions that arise from man's inadequate mastery of the forces of nature and society. Lenin showed that "the greatest intellectual audacity" in the independent development of the science of social change requires the utmost fidelity to the basic truths which Marx and Engels discovered—truths which their occasional errors of detail do not in the slightest diminish.

LEO TANENBAUM

"The Marxian doctrine is omnipotent," wrote Lenin, "because it is true." A disarmingly simple statement. And yet it embraces ages of philosophic contention and social struggle. Of what other doctrine can it be said, not that it is brilliant or original or streaked with valid insights, but that it is *true?* True not only today, but for the whole of human history—true because it is derived from and corresponds to the actual process of social evolution. Yes, it is the truth of Marxism that is the source of its strength—a truth that makes even a numerically small American Communist Party the legatee of an invincible power.

Leninism arose and developed in defense of the truth of Marxism against all falsifiers and diluters. Nothing is more characteristic of Lenin, more deeply expressive of his life and thought than his unremitting struggle for the purity of Marxist science. "The dialectics of history were such," he wrote on the thirtieth anniversary of Marx's death, "that the theoretical victory of Marxism obliged its enemies to *disguise themselves* as Marxists." Go back to one of Lenin's earliest articles, written at the age of twenty-four, and we find him crossing swords with P. B. Struve, leader of the "legal Marxists," a group of Russian intellectuals who attempted to convert Marxism into apologetics for capitalism. And in the editorial statement Lenin wrote in 1900 for the first issue of *Iskra* (*Spark*), the newspaper of the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party, he struck out at the trend in Russia and in the Socialist movement of other countries toward "the fashionable 'criticism of Marxism.'" ". . . we stand," he said, "for the consistent development of the ideas of Marx and Engels, and utterly reject the halfway, vague and opportunistic emendations which have now become so fashionable as a result of the legerdemain of Eduard Bernstein, P. Struve and many others."

WITH what passion and power Lenin hurled himself against the revisionists of every breed. Whether he was writing his brilliant broadside, *What Is To Be Done?* directed against Economism, the Russian equivalent of "pure and simple trade unionism," or his blasts against the Mensheviks, or his great philosophical work, *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism,* or cutting down Trotsky, or lambasting Kautsky's be-

(*Continued on page* 20)

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SMOKED OUT

WHEN I was in Baltimore recently finding out what I could about Youth for Christ, I asked the Rev. Leymon W. Ketcham, director of YFC, as the Hearst-promoted enterprise is called, whether among the cooperating ministers was the Rev. Dr. Walter M. Haushalter. Yes, said Mr. Ketcham. "At least I'm sure he is cooperating—not from any statement he's made from the pulpit that I know of, but from his attitudes in general."

I had met the Reverend Mr. Haushalter when I interviewed him (NM, Jan. 9 and Feb. 6 last) on his association with American Action, Inc. He was indeed, along with a mysterious character, Eric Arlt, the sparkplug of American Action, Inc. Previously Dr. Haushalter was vice chairman of the Baltimore branch of the America First Committee. Arlt was responsible for bringing Gerald L. K. Smith to Baltimore as a speaker two of the three times he addressed Baltimore rallies last year. Not long after the second NM article on American Action, Inc., Smith's *The Cross and the Flag* devoted its entire back page to an editorial, initialed G.L.K.S., entitled, "Baltimore Smear." It began, "Jewish Communists are doing their race a grave injustice," and continued for two columns to discuss the NM stories and to defend AA passionately, although claiming it had "no organic relationship to any of my enterprises."

"If outstanding citizens band together to encourage and develop Christian Americanism," he wrote, "the Communist journals lie in wait like she-tigers, ready to pounce upon such citizens, and brand them as bigots, fascists, and Jew-baiters." And after attacking Walter Winchell as "the Jew Walter Winchell" for "his ruthless attacks on Christian Americans," he wound up by saying, "These character assassins who work for the Communist Party and their fellow-travelers are Stalin's imps. They are spawned in hell, and they do the devil's work."

The next I heard of American Action, Inc., it was listed by Sen. Tom Connally as opposing the United Nations Charter before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

My fears, as I picked up a telephone after seeing the Rev. Mr. Ketcham, as to any lack of cordiality on Dr. Haushalter's part, were needless. A woman who said she was his secretary answered. "No, he isn't here, he's resigned," she said. "Just last Sunday. And it was accepted last night." I should talk to Dudley P. Barnette, she said. He was chairman of the board of trustees of the church—the Christian Temple of Baltimore. I thanked her, and we chatted. I asked her if they had much Youth for Christ activity in the church. No, she said, they had little youth activity of any kind "since the invasion of the Negroes." That's right, the church was on Fulton Avenue; did that mean Dr. Haushalter was active in the Fulton Avenue Improvement Assn.? I asked. This was a committee organized to stop Negroes from moving into the neighborhood. It was a Jew-baiting committee too, according to reliable reports.

"He was [active] at first," she replied. "But later he figured it was a losing proposition."

I went to see Mr. Barnette, an executive in the Geodetic Survey offices in Washington, who commutes from Baltimore. Mr. Barnette told me the story of Dr. Haushalter's resignation without any beating about the bush.

"We hadn't seen those stories in the NEW MASSES," said Mr. Barnette, "but we heard about them. And about how Gerald L. K. Smith came out defending American Action." He assured me that the members of the church board had no interest in Communism. But the magazine [NM] seemed to have the facts, he said. The board decided to confront Dr. Haushalter with those purported facts, at any rate, and let him deny them if he would.

(The Rev. Gottlieb Siegenthaler already had resigned from American Action, Inc., after, he told me, he had tried to "steer the committee clear of" anti-Semitism and failed.)

Mr. Barnette tapped his pencil on the desk, then looked me straight in the eye. "We decided we were going to get those articles," he said. "So a banker on the board had his research man look them up and we got photostatic copies made of them." That couldn't have been too hard, as the Baltimore Public Library carries NM, back issues and all.

"Then," Mr. Barnette went on, "we confronted Dr. Haushalter with these photostatic copies and the board questioned him. We gave him a choice of resigning from Christian Temple, or severing any connection he had with American Action. At first he promised he would sever his connections and keep his pulpit. But I guess he thought more of his connections with those activities than he did of his pulpit, because Sunday he announced he was resigning. Yes, we accepted his resignation."

From other sources I heard, then, that Dr. Haushalter in his farewell sermon in Christian Temple defended AA as believing in America first, instead of "Russia or Germany or England. . . ." He said he believed in its principles and would not resign.

Later I heard that Dr. Haushalter was planning to stay in Baltimore and even build another church. A lot of democratic citizens like his church board members will fight that move, I predict, just as I think there will be a lot of resentment at the same type of "Christian Americanism" Hearst is promoting in Baltimore under the banner of Youth for Christ.

VIRGINIA GARDNER.

The big boys who, like Dr. Haushalter, deliberately choose the ways of anti-Semitism and labor-baiting, are reported recently to have organized in Chicago a new version of America First, known, perhaps coincidentally, as the "American Action Committee." The familiar, unsavory list of participants includes Gen. Robert E. Wood, Merwin K. Hart, Sewell Avery, Col. Robert R. McCormick, Upton Close, John T. Flynn, Thomas Creigh of Cudahy Packing Co. and others, and its purpose, according to the "Daily Worker," which broke the story (January 11), seems quite likely to be an organization for anti-labor vigilante activity. One of the lessons the USA should have learned from Hitler is that the gangster bullies, the smear outfits and the reactionary trusts, were all tied together in one fatal network. As the finances of the Baltimore American Action were painstakingly concealed, and Dr. Haushalter seems to have had no financial qualms about abandoning his pulpit, thorough investigations of the finances and interconnections of all such organizations by the federal authorities are in order.—The Editors.

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THE GRAY SHIP'S CREW

By HOWARD FAST

The following is the third of a series of sketches, "The Gray Ship," written by Mr. Fast on a voyage to India before V-J Day. The first two appeared in the preceding two issues of NM.

THE enduring part of the gray ships, the continuity of them, the thing that linked one with another through the long war years, was the crew. The ships were, first and foremost, expendable; when the torpedo hit, nothing was left except broken dunnage, and oil slick, and those of the crew who were fortunate enough to live. Sometimes it happened that a merchant ship took a heavy battering and came back to port, to be repaired and to sail again; but that was the rare thing, the exception; for the most part, one smashing blow and they died. And the crew rowed away, or sailed for a thousand miles in cockleshells, or clung to rafts, or choked on oil and died; but for the most part, some of the crew were left.

ON THE articles, the *Gray Victory* carried fifty-eight men, and for the war times, they made a good cross-section of the men who sailed our merchant ships. They made a cross-section of the country too; they came from twenty-three states, the sea coast and the West Coast, the prairie states, the Midwest and the South; there were aging men who had sailed for thirty years, and there were youngsters out on their first trip. There were men from the factories, the farms, the schools, degrees from B.A. to Ph.D.; there were two citizens of England, a Finn and a Swede. The oldest man in the crew was sixty-three, the youngest was sixteen.

On a merchant ship, the crew is divided, broadly, into three sections: the deck, the engine room and the steward's department. The deck includes twenty men, the four ship's officers—deck officers, to be exact—the purser, the chief radio man, the second radio man, and, on some ships, a third radio man. Next, there is the bosun, with a rank similar to that of chief petty officer in the Navy, or master sergeant in the Army. And any seaman will tell you just how important the bosun is; you can have a bad deck officer and a good trip, but if you have a bad bosun, there's hell to pay. The deck, which means all of the ship including the maindeck and up from it, is the bosun's responsibility. The hundreds of miles of rope and cable a merchant ship carries is his to look after, to check and repair. He must see that the ship's boats are in working order, that the life rafts are ready to drop at a moment's notice. Under his direction, the six ordinary seamen and deck maintenance men fight a constant battle against rust and decay; and when the fight becomes sharp, he can call in the six able seamen to join his forces.

A ship begins to die the moment it is launched; sea water hates iron, and actually a ship lives its life in a pool of corrosion. Every storm leaves the ship rust-streaked, battered and bent. When the *Gray Victory* drove through four days of battering monsoon, it emerged with its gear smashed, two lifeboats put out of commission, a bent rail, and great areas from which the paint had been stripped as neatly as if by a blowtorch. Even in the middle of the storm, the bosun and his crew were on deck, repairing, battening down; and afterwards, they scraped rust, painted, scraped rust again.

The ABs, or able seamen, work on the bridge, directly under the deck officers. Theirs is the physical act of steering the ship, braced against the wheel, their eyes on the gyro compass. Each shift at the wheel is an hour and twenty minutes of curious, blank concentration. The helmsman doesn't look at the sea, nor is it his concern where the ship is going; he is given a course, 160, 275, and he holds the point of the gyro on that course until a deck officer orders it changed. Whether in storm, or under attack, or in a fog-bound night, his job is to remove himself from the world, attach himself to the gyro, and forget all else. One of the strangest sights of *Gray Victory* was to see the helmsman at night, standing like a motionless shadow in the dark wheelhouse, his eyes fixed with almost fierce intensity on the luminous point of the gyro.

Since in air or surface attack the wheelhouse is an important target, two other places are provided from which the ship may be steered; one is topside, the outside top of the midship housing, and the other is aft, close to the five-inch gun, the last resort if the midship housing is shot away. On topside too is the flagdeck, storeplace for the brightly-colored pennants with which ships talk at sea.

As large as the deck crew—and, as they will point out to you, of equal or more importance—is the engine room. They drive the ship; they maintain the throbbing vibration which means life and power. They work under hellish conditions, and they have a casualty list which, they will point out with pride, is proportionately more than four times that of any other service.

On the gray ships only the captain outranks the chief engineer, and the engine room officers hold equal rank with the deck officers. The articles on the *Gray Victory* called for a chief, four assistant officers, three junior officers, two cadets, three oilers, three firemen, three wipers. Two electricians complete the roster. They are divided into the same four-hour watches the deck takes, and the two watches, one above, one below, coordinate their work by telephone. On the *Gray Victory*, the power plant consisted of oil-fired boilers which transmitted their power to steam turbines—obviating the necessity of the grimed stokers who worked in prewar holds. Oilers, firemen and wipers had jobs modified a good deal from those original tasks which gave them their names. The firemen did not fire; the wipers did not wipe; the oilers did other things beside oil. If nothing went wrong, the huge, modern power plant of the *Gray Victory* almost operated by itself—men checked gauges, watched dials, opened valves, adjusted the fires, oiled parts, oiled the long, smoothly-rotating propeller shaft, checked the machines one by one, maintained the amazing cleanliness of the engine room, and watched over the engines the way a hen watches over her chicks.

For all of that, the engine room on the *Gray Victory* was a hell, as is the engine room on every sea-going vessel. The noise of the turbines was deafening; conversation could be carried on only by placing your mouth an inch or two from the ear of the man you were addressing. In the tropics, the heat of the engine room passed a hundred and fifty degrees; in the cool North Atlantic the heat dropped to a hundred or a hundred and ten degrees. The whole atmosphere was tight with pressure and power; seven hundred and fifty degrees of superheated steam fought against the contain-

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ing influence of boilers and pipes. In the space between the boilers the heat was a tangible wall, and the menace of the steam that backed it was never lost. The engine crew understood fully what that steam could do. A wide break, a torpedo hitting the vessel amidships, meant instant death for everyone in the room; a mine striking fore or aft could part a seam or a pipe, cooking the engine room a second or two more slowly, but cooking the men in an agony of screaming torture.

On any one of the gray ships, the engine room was the bull's eye of the target. On the hairline sights of a sub, it was always direct amidships; Stukas tried to drop their eggs into the engine room well, which rises up through the center of the deck housing; surface vessels made the same spot their target; even magnetic mines were so constructed that the probability would send them up amidships, and contrary to popular belief, a floating mine explodes more often amidships than at the bow. Even the protective explosions of depth charges can open a weld in the engine room, turning it into a steam-filled death trap.

Even in the worst enemy waters, in the worst times, in the Channel, in the North Sea, on the Murmansk run, seamen would not resign themselves to death; you stood a fighting chance; it would be the next ship, the next guy; you would hit back, maybe win; you had an escort cover; even in the water, you might be picked up before your feet froze—but with the engine room it was different. When the watch went down into the well, it was the end of hope for four hours; in those four hours, engineers, oilers, wipers, firemen accepted death. When they came out of the well, gray-faced, it was the resurrection and the life. Eight hours would go past before they had to die again—and there were waters where the engine room men died, not once or twice, but a hundred times.

There were times when the death toll was so high that the War Shipping Administration advertised and pleaded for engineers, any kind, any age, but engineers. Seamen talk very slowly when they remember those bad times; the words come out with an effort, and they only come at all because these men, without glamor, feel a need that such things should be written down and remembered. They will recall times in the Channel when the depth charges came one every thirty seconds, and each time the ship shook to a depth bomb, it was a quick small death. They recall the Murmansk run, at a time when the dead ships outnumbered the dead men in our armed forces. An engineer spoke of coming off watch three minutes before the torpedo struck and the whole next watch was dead, and his guilt because instead of pity for the dead, he had only amazed wonder at his own existence. They spoke very quietly about how steam-burned men died; they told stories that are not good to repeat, there is so little glamor in an engine room.

But a wiper, asked why he was in there at all, said only, "Somebody has to be in the engine room." That was about the sum of it. The hardest thing for a man to explain is why he willingly walks and works and sleeps with death.

THEY feed better on the gray ships than in any other service; that's a widely confirmed opinion, and it's due to several factors: freezing and storage facilities, trade unionism, tradition, and the American industrial standard, to name only a few. Certainly, they feed better than on the ships of any other nation, and this is one service where crew and officers eat the same menu, the same food, out of the same pots and galleys.

Food is the steward's department; along with that is the whole domestic life of the ship—bedding, linen, soap, laundry, etc.—which, as you can see, makes the steward far from the least important officer on board ship. Actually, much of the crew's comfort depends on the ability and nature of the steward. He orders the food, makes out the requisitions, supervises the kitchen, plans the menus, watches the ports for fresh fruit and vegetables, examines the quality of meat and eggs, combines the jobs of buyer, hotel manager, chief cook, dietitian and maintenance expert. He rules that mad world known as the galley, and according to his tact and diplomacy, either promotes peace and happiness, or lets the instability—that instability which every artist shares—of the culinary experts turn the ship into an asylum.

Twelve men work under him in a Victory, perhaps one or two less in a Liberty—a chief cook, second cook, baker, galleyman, messman, and seven mess-utility men. They cook three meals a day, unnumbered gallons of coffee, and wash the resultant pots and dishes. They bake bread three times a week, wait on table, scrub floors and counters, produce cake, pies, puddings, make beds, launder, see that cold meat and cheese is always present for the night watches, and keep this squirrel-cage process going for the hundred or two hundred days the voyage takes.

And usually, the food is good, astonishingly good. Here, for example, is one day's menu on a gray Victory. For breakfast, fruit or fruit juice, canned or fresh, depending on the stage of the voyage. Eggs, old or fresh; ham or bacon or corned-beef hash, hot-cakes or biscuits with honey or jam. Coffee or tea. For lunch, a choice of two meat entrees after a soup, three or four vegetables, pie or cake or pudding for dessert, and coffee. For dinner, again a choice of two meat entrees, no soup but still at least three vegetables, dessert and coffee. Coffee is made constantly, drunk constantly. Watches operate through the day's twenty-four hours and consume an endless stream of coffee.

Men in the steward's department are hard workers; cooks and bakers are usually skilled men, very often middle-aged professionals of long standing who wanted to do something for the war and found this more satisfying than a state-side job. Whatever the messmen were before the war, they make a good cross-section now—college men, boys and old gaffers; they serve with surprising good nature and remarkable patience. They appreciate that good hot food is not the least of morale builders.

THE chief difference between the crew of any gray ship, between the merchant marine as a whole and the men of other services, is the difference between a military and civilian service. The men on the gray ships are civilian workers, very essential workers, closer to the war than any other workers—but still civilians. That is both a pride and a challenge to them. They know that they operate with less than a third of the crew of any similar service ship, and they are proud of the fact; but years of working in close conjunction with the few dozen naval armed guards who manned their guns gave them a sound respect and a close companionship with the Navy. Whatever hostility there was in the beginning soon went. However, the challenge remained, and that challenge together with the union is mainly responsible for the splendid discipline aboard the gray ships.

Orders are given quietly and obeyed immediately; there are very few cases of insubordination. Officers work with the men; they lend a hand. If you were to watch a deck gang rigging booms, you would be hard put to locate the bosun among the others. The men know their jobs; they work well, or it counts against them. They study for upgrading and promotion. There is no job on shipboard that is without some special

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Pen and ink by Pfc. Harold Paris.

dignity; there is no menial work, no servants in the sense you have servants aboard a passenger vessel.

The men are fanatically loyal to their union. Our merchant marine has the highest standards in the world, the cleanest ships, the best, the best food, the most developed crews; that isn't a jingo statement. The ships of other nations are a constant object lesson to our seamen, and the difference is constantly "the union." Old sailors recall how it was before the maritime unions won their struggles, the broken, homeless men who made up such a large part of the crews, the sickness, the slop which went as food, the fights aboard ship, the pathetic "toughness" which gave rise to a whole literature of the sea. Then decency aboard ship was rare; today the shipboard roughneck is an isolated exception.

Union schools upgrade along with government schools. The National Maritime Union has the finest wartime no-strike record of any body of organized labor. Union casualty lists run into the many thousands. The real hatred of fascism and Nazism which helped our seamen to take their ships anywhere came in a large measure from their union training. The good food, the better working conditions, the relationship between officers and men is also very much due to the maritime trade union struggle.

In the days when Westbrook Pegler led the vicious campaign of lies and false accusations against our merchant service, the legend was fostered that all merchant seamen were draft-dodgers and received fantastic pay. Actually, the government has seen to it that none are draft-dodgers; many of them are well past middle age or 4Fs with no obligation except a moral one to service, and the pay averages out to about thirty-five dollars a week, certainly less than that of any other civilian war workers.

As with any other service, there is no yardstick for the men on the gray ships; generalizations don't fit them, nor do they fit the generalizations. On the *Gray Victory*, the wiper who thought that someone had to be down in the engine room was a small, chubby Jewish boy from St. Louis, and Chips, the carpenter, past sixty, was a former tournament bridge player. A messman went to sea at fifty-two because he couldn't sit back any more, and the first officer, who limped from a piece of shrapnel in his kneecap, was a serious ship career man. An AB had sailed ships since he was a boy; he loved the sea, as so few sailors do. Most of the crew of the *Gray Victory* were in their jobs for the war; but the sea is something that calls you back, and a personal love or hatred means little.

Yet the sea does certain things to all men; you can't sail the ocean, month in, month out, without absorbing something from the immensity. Whatever their background, seamen tend to develop a curious, rich turn of phrase; they are well read, better read perhaps than any other industrial group of men. On the *Gray Victory* at least a dozen men had a warm, constant interest in art. An oiler sketched; a wiper ground his color out of pastel, mixed it with eggwhite, made brushes and painted the ship. Seamen still make bits of jewelry, shaping the metal slowly and patiently. The steward hammered rings out of silver coins, so that the engraving was on the inner surface; an AB, who dreamed of owning a yacht some day, carved beautiful and careful ship models. The bosun loved Huxley and James Cain, and had them both in his private library.

As THE war becomes a thing of the past and yet the still more distant past, it will be more and more difficult to recall the roll of the gray ships. All too few reporters sailed on their long, seemingly endless journeys. Their creeping, six-knot convoys made travel an eternity for which news could not wait; news flew overhead on the quick wings of a new air age, and with the development of science, it may be that soon the gray ships will sail no more.

But it should be recalled that there was a time, not so long ago, when their bulging holds were all of the thin thread which kept civilization from perishing. There were brave men in plenty who loved freedom, but only the gray ships could bring them the tools of war—otherwise, the fascist and the Nazi would have triumphed.

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WHAT PSYCHOANALYSIS CAN DO

By J. B. FURST

The article below is Dr. Furst's reply to Dr. Wortis' article published in NEW MASSES *January 8. Dr. Furst, who has had Freudian and modern analytical training, graduated from the University of Rochester Medical School. He studied psychiatry at the Worcester State Hospital and the University of Iowa, and was house-officer at the Harvard Neurological Unit of the Boston City Hospital. He was on the staff of the Metropolitan State Hospital and was psychiatrist for the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. He is now an instructor in psychiatry and current theories of personality at the Jefferson School in New York.*

DR. WORTIS states that the controversy on psychoanalysis centers primarily around the question as to whether "personality changes must take place exclusively or primarily by psychological means," which is his interpretation of my viewpoint. This is a distortion of my theories, however, as a reading of my previous articles (NEW MASSES, Oct. 30 and Nov. 6, 1945) will show.

The real controversy centers about different views held by Dr. Wortis and the author on the most basic problems of personality theory. Dr. Wortis' article in reply to mine is essentially a restatement of his previous views and he still makes an entirely insufficient distinction between the processes of society and the processes of psychology. This appears again in his statement that it is "un-Marxist" to consider that the mental ills of the working class must be treated by psychiatric and psychotherapeutic methods. His argument evidently is that since mental conflicts are reflections of social conflicts, then the treatment of mental conflicts will rest upon treatment of the underlying social conflicts.

This sounds logical enough until one considers the distinct separation that exists between the processes of mind and the processes of society.[1] Social conflicts produce mental conflicts, but the two conflicts are not synonymous or interchangeable. Once having arisen, the mental illness is a process with its own distinct laws and its own peculiar phenomena. These laws and these phenomena are not necessarily reflections of social conditions, for there exist mental phenomena which are unique and have no counterpart in the external world, for example the hallucinatory voices which a schizophrenic patient "hears."

Because of this distinction between social conflicts and mental conflicts, the attack against the mental ills of the working class must be two-pronged. One prong of the attack is directed against those social forces which produce illness in the first place, which tend to maintain it, and which create it ever afresh in new individuals. This attack lies in the sphere of political action and is not medical.

However, the outlook for the individual case is quite gloomy if he must await a solution of the ills of society before he can himself be cured. The second attack is therefore directly upon the mental illness itself; this attack is of a medical-psychiatric nature. We treat the illness with the best methods at our disposal, and we alter the patient's objective circumstances wherever necessary as best we can. The individual cases of mental disease arising in the population must not be lost sight of in a consideration of basic social conditions. These cases must be treated with appropriate psychiatric methods. The psychiatrist should take an active interest in political action, but while acting as a psychiatrist he must cure sick people directly.

Dr. Wortis identifies personality so intimately and directly with the behavior and social activities of the individual that at times it seems as if personality *is* behavior. He writes: "Freud's dictum, 'Thought is behavior in rehearsal,' should be raised to the dignity of a central idea. All thought is inextricably bound to behavior; changes in behavior effect changes in thought, and conversely, disorders of thought produce disorders of behavior." ("Freudianism and the Psychoanalytic Tradition," *American Journal of Psychiatry*, May 1945.) In his latest paper Dr. Wortis states: "The highest form of personality is that associated with the most complete social integration. It is represented by activity, highly conscious of its needs, and stretching forth its full powers for their attainment." In effect, this statement dispenses with the individual altogether in favor of social integration and activity, conscious of its needs.

These two quotations indicate a point of view that defines personality and psychological functioning as a mental bundle of the social relations and activities of the individual. This insistence that personality is internal behavior is a legacy of the Pavlov conditioned reflex school of psychology and is evidently what leads Dr. Wortis to assume that personality can be changed so readily, for if personality is internal behavior, then it can be changed by changing the external behavior of the individual.

THE prototype of this theory was advocated some years ago by J. B. Watson, who also was influenced by Pavlov. Watson's theories of behaviorism met severe opposition from the first and are no longer followed.

Behavior or social activity is merely one expression of the whole psychological functioning of the individual. Although behavior is always directly connected with mental functioning, the reverse does not hold true, and many psychological processes are only remotely connected with social activities.

The basic determinant of behavior or activity is the objective situation and the individual's perception or understanding of it—for example, if a person fails to see that a situation is dangerous, he will not take necessary steps for self-protection and he will not have the emotions which danger ordinarily arouses within him.

Furthermore, the visible activity of an individual is the end result of a complex inner psychological process. This process includes primary perception of the stimuli from the world, comprehension of these stimuli by association of them with the individual's past experiences and memories, and development of the appropriate emotional reaction. The emotion never arises spontaneously, but always secondarily to the meaning of the situation.

The above reactions take place nearly instantaneously and largely unconsciously. They also vary with the traits of the individual or, more accurately, they comprise the traits. Only after these reactions have occurred does

[1] Stalin, in the *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union*, p. 116, makes a clear distinction between the social origin of ideas and the ideas themselves.

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visible activity follow, and the individual always reacts accurately to a situation as he comprehends the necessities of that situation.[2]

THE foregoing discussion shows why treatment must concentrate on the behavior of the individual as the surest objective indicator of his psychological processes, but it also shows that to change an individual it does not suffice merely to change his behavior. The psychological processes which that behavior represents must also be changed. This explains a fact psychotherapists have long noticed: namely, that there exists a rough correlation between the degree of the patient's new understanding and the degree of improvement in his neurosis.

Dr. Wortis as a materialist realizes that mind is secondary to matter, that mental processes are derivative of objective processes. It correctly follows, therefore, that mind cannot change itself; mind must be changed by new experiences from the objective world.

But Dr. Wortis does not realize that *new activity of the individual is not necessarily synonymous with new experience*. New experience must be perceived and understood as new experience before it can produce one iota of psychological or personality change. No amount of new experience will affect a brain that does not recognize it —whether that brain be dead, anesthetized, or merely blocked by neurotic conflicts.

Dr. Wortis' preoccupation with objective phenomena blinds him to the fact that objective behavior is really based on psychological functioning. In equating activity with perception of experience, he fails to realize that the mere repetition of physical behavior or activities does not necessarily mean new experience for the neurotic. New experience must be perceived and understood as such before it can cause changes.

The aim of psychotherapy is therefore not merely to present objective new experiences to the neurotic, but also to put him into such a condition that he can perceive it. This occurs in many ways in psychotherapy; the patient can even get new experience by going over details of past experience and understanding for the first time the real meaning of it.

These various basic theoretical differences between Dr. Wortis and myself are naturally reflected in differing views on treatment. Much of Dr. Wortis' article consists of fresh charges against the viewpoints of modern analysis as advocated by the author.

The substance of these charges is that modern analysis takes the following positions: (1) Personality changes take place essentially without recourse to social experience. (2) Analysis concentrates on "understanding." (3) Mental phenomena can only be changed by psychological means. (4) Practical activity is largely ignored and psychoanalysis concentrates on the subjective experiences of the patient. (5) Social experience is important only in the childhood years and cannot modify adult personality much. (6) The neurotic creates his entire social experiences. (7) Analysis or psychotherapy is suitable for all types of mental disorders and for crime, prostitution, and so forth. (8) Analysis can override all previous social experiences of the individual.

All of these charges are partly or completely unfounded.

Analysis is one of the techniques for the treatment of mental diseases. However, "mental disease" is not a single category; it consists of radically different types of abnormal processes which require different types of treatment. Brain syphilis (paresis) obviously will not respond to psychotherapy and must be treated by suitable drugs and other physiological measures. The same can be said of other organic mental illnesses, and even certain functional illnesses are still completely inaccessible to psychotherapy.[3] Experience has shown that neuroses and certain depressive and mild schizophrenic processes are the chief field for psychoanalytic treatment.

MODERN progressive psychoanalysis rests on five basic premises concerning the nature of neurotic illness:

1. The source of the neurosis consists of intense emotional-psychological conflicts. The neurotic individual has a number of conflicting traits, for example, love and hate; dominance and submission; friendliness and aggressiveness; ambition and inferiority feelings, and so forth. These interpenetrating traits continually set up severe conflicts.

2. The source of these conflicting mental traits is found in the conflicts of society. These conflicting traits are reflections of the basic contradictory human relations of capitalism, that is, the contradiction between the cooperative relations of production and individual ownership of means of production. Mental traits are not inherited; they are produced by all the individual's past experiences in his various relationships with people.

3. A clear distinction must be made between the external conflicts of the world and the internal conflicts of the neurotic. Once the latter are created, they develop with laws and motions of their own which render the neurotic increasingly unable to learn from the ordinary experiences of living.

4. Neurotic mental processes are quantitatively and qualitatively different from normal mental processes. Since we are all living in a contradictory society we all have inner conflicts, but in the ordinary individual these are not severe enough to produce the various changes which comprise a neurosis. Intensified conflicts arise in any individual exposed to severe life experiences. This occurs chiefly during childhood and youth but also can occur during later life. These intense conflicts produce new forms of acting, feeling, thinking and living which we call the neurosis. The neurosis is not a disease process superimposed on a normal personality, but is a completely changed type of personality. Means which are suitable for producing changes in healthy personality are unsuitable for changing neurotic processes. Neurotic mental processes are also not to be confused with the psychological processes of fascists, criminals, prostitutes, and so forth.

5. The neurotic attempts to avoid his inner difficulties and resolve his contradictions by means of various defense mechanisms and maneuvers, some of which develop into symptoms of illness. These mechanisms and symptoms actually serve to give him a certain operating unity by means of which he gets along in a halting manner. This resolution of conflicts is unrealistic and fictitious, for the neurotic has resolved his conflicts in a way that does not correspond to external reality. Because of this unrealistic approach to life, fresh, objective difficulties arise which in turn aggravate the internal strains and intensify the neurosis. There are many forms of these vicious cycles.

The premises of treatment itself are as follows:

[2] Much of this comprehension can be unverbalized, or unconscious.

[3] Functional diseases are of unknown origin or due to psychological conflict. Organic mental diseases are due to actual physical disease of the brain, with associated mental symptoms.

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1. Treatment must resolve the contradictions of the neurotic. This can no longer occur simply by resolving his external conflicts; resolution of the external conflicts must occur simultaneously and dialectically with resolution of the inner ones. No amount of education, persuasion, logic, suggestion, activity or support will really cure the neurotic if his contradictions are not resolved in the process.

2. Special resistances must be overcome by treatment. The neurotic actually spends a great deal of his total time and energy avoiding his own difficulties because they are so painful. Neurotic conflicts, fears, reservations, inhibitions and doubts are exquisitely painful and are therefore kept out of consciousness as much as possible. The neurotic also clings to his symptoms because they actually serve in a partial manner to "resolve" his conflicts. In addition, the neurotic's way of life protects him and gives him certain definite satisfactions which he finds hard to give up. All of these reactions serve as impediments to change and must be overcome by treatment.

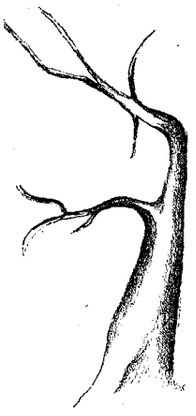
3. The basic conflicts of the neurotic have been produced by life experiences and the only way they can be changed is by means of further experience. Since the neurotic has become relatively unperceptive of ordinary experience, treatment must furnish special new experiences which can penetrate his defenses. These special new experiences consist of two inseparable parts: (a) What the neurotic learns about himself and others during treatment; (b) The new relations he forms first with the analyst and then with others during treatment.

4. Treatment must utilize the highest conscious forces of the patient in the complex process of overcoming his illness. His basic understanding of himself and others must be changed. He must become aware of his conflicting needs and traits, his fears, reservations and inhibitions; he must understand himself and his relations to others; he must change his interpretation of some of his past experiences, and he must reach a certain understanding of society. All this implies a great deal of conscious effort and activity which treatment directs into proper channels.

The actual conduct of treatment itself varies greatly in the several stages. Without discussing technical details of free association, dream interpretation, and so forth, in general, treatment must:

1. Strengthen the positive side of the neurotic's contradictions. Reassurance and the clearing away of confusion, doubt and anxiety are useful and necessary. In the end stages, actual education on sociological questions is often valuable.

2. Treatment must clear away the neurotic superstructure of rationalizations, justifications, evasions, and so forth, and lay bare the contradictory traits so that conscious intelligence can be applied to these problems. Mere verbal "understanding" is not sufficient, however. Understanding or insight is not regarded as achieved in analysis until definite objective changes occur in the patient's relations and activities.



Betty Smith

3. Wherever necessary, treatment goes into the past development of the individual if this historical research will cast further light on present problems. The individual's conflicts arose in the past, but they are active in the present and must be solved in the present. Many problems permit a direct solution without recourse to past experience, but certain conflicts can only be understood in terms of their origin and development. This use of past and present is equivalent to Marx's use of the history and development of capitalism from feudalism in order to understand clearly the laws and contradictions of developed capitalism.

4. Analysis uses the present activities and relationships of the patient as the surest guides to his traits and conflicts. Much work must be done to find out exactly how the patient acts in real situations. In treatment the activities of the individual are a more certain index of his character structure than his apparent subjective states.

5. Treatment must furnish considerable incentives to new and richer human relationships.

THIS description of modern analytic principles differs in certain essentials from those advanced by Dr. Karen Horney, but much of it is based upon her work.[4] Progressives owe Dr. Horney a great debt, because she has so advanced analytic theory and practice that we are now much closer to the formulation of a completely materialist theory of personality and treatment.

Dr. Horney would undoubtedly agree that her theories do not represent the last word; errors persist and many questions remain unanswered. Many of these shortcomings can be summarized with the statement that Dr. Horney is not a dialectical materialist. Her work therefore suffers from certain idealist and other philosophical errors and her comprehension of society is not complete. The relationships of psychoanalysis to academic psychology and other disciplines are very unclear, and the exact steps by which character structure evolves from social structure remain to be worked out. When all these questions are answered, further large changes in personality theory and practice will be inevitable.

LEFT-WING critics of psychoanalysis reiterate that analysis is not practiced in the Soviet Union. Actually we know very little about the practice of psychiatry and related sciences in the USSR. We do know that the Soviet psychologists and psychiatrists lost time trying to make a theory of personality out of conditioned reflexes and that they have abandoned this.[5] We also know that they are formulating a more individualistic psychology and that psychotherapy is practiced. We know little of the diagnostic classifications or the theory of Soviet psychiatry, nor do we know how well they are acquainted with modern American psychiatric and psychoanalytic practices.

The conditions and contradictions of

[4] It must be remembered that Dr. Horney's work is a direct development of the positive contributions of Freudian theories.

[5] S. L. Rubenstein, "Soviet Psychology in Wartime," *Journal of Philosophical and Phenomenological Research*, Vol. 5, p. 181.

S. L. Rubenstein, "Fundamentals of General Psychology," quoted by V. J. McGill, "Mind-Body Problem," *Science and Society*, Vol. 9, p. 344.

W. H. Gantt, who worked with Pavlov and translated two of his books into English, has also changed his mind about conditioned reflexes. "Originally I had felt that more research on the physiology of the conditioned reflexes was in order before a successful discussion of the pathology could be completed. Some of this has already been done here... But though important gaps still exist in the normal physiology, I have become more aware of the impossibility of adequately describing normal and abnormal behavior except in the terms and elements of behavior, notwithstanding the important biochemical, physical and physiological correlations that should be made at every step." *Experimental Basis for Neurotic Behavior*, page vii.

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society and therefore the psychological development of the individual are different in the USA and the USSR. Since psychiatry is a social science, we can also expect that the theory and practice of psychiatry will differ in the two countries. The true materialist realizes that capitalist psychiatry will *never* be identical with Soviet psychiatry because of the different material and social conditions in the two societies. Nobody would think of condemning the CIO because it does not follow the practices of Soviet trade unions; the functions and necessities of trade unions correspond accurately to the different social situations in the two countries. The same applies to psychiatry.

When the psychiatrist is living in a socialist society, is treating new types of personality disorders, and is armed with unlimited community resources, one can be certain that different methods will arise. Even under such a situation, however, psychotherapy is necessary in some form to help resolve the psychological contradictions of the patient. This therapy will undoubtedly have to cope with psychological resistances, unconscious mental activity and the other complex problems which have called modern psychoanalysis into being and will therefore make use of similar formulations and practices.

In our own society at the present time, one can say with confidence that fifty years of observation show neurotic personality does not change quickly and that prolonged and intensive methods of psychotherapy are frequently necessary. Modern psychoanalysis has been called into existence by these various needs and circumstances. It is the most successful form of psychotherapy for certain neurotic illnesses because its theories fit the complexities of personality structure far more accurately than any other theory yet advanced.

NM SPOTLIGHT

Bring Them Home!

THE brass hats in Washington call it hysteria and the President seems to agree, but to stranded GI's all over the world the facts speak more vigorously than the words coming from the White House and the War Department. The soldiers know that they have done their job and they know that they have done it well. What reason on earth, they say, is there to keep them in the Philippines, in China, India, England, France. Is it lack of ships? Even the brass hats no longer use that as an argument. There are enough transports available to bring the men home quickly. Is the task of demobilization so great that it cannot be accomplished rapidly? Then how, the men insist, did the Army get them where they are now with such speed and dispatch? They don't ask for first-class cabins on luxury liners; all they ask is that the Army return them with the same efficiency it used in taking them away. Will rapid demobilization interfere with occupation tasks either in Germany or Japan? Hardly—because the GI's *are not asking that occupation units be disbanded.* Voluntary reenlistment and current replacements should prove sufficient to meet occupation needs. There are naturally those in the country who are taking advantage of the GI protests by using them to remove all occupation forces. They are the same people who in the first place saw no reason to destroy Hitlerism or Japanese fascism and are now attempting to annul the demilitarization and denazification programs. Also, because these programs are not being enforced to the hilt a degree of disillusionment has set in among some soldiers. The answer to that problem is proper political orientation from top to bottom.

But at this point all that the GI eligible for discharge knows is that the Army has time and again broken its demobilization promises: that ships have been leaving embarkation points half empty; that there are brass hats who are keeping them where they are because that is one way such officers can retain their rank and comforts; that the Army has been kidding the people back home by giving them the impression that all those with high points are being shipped back and that it is only those with low scores who are setting up the world-wide clamor.

And no matter from what angle the GI abroad looks at his plight he comes back again to the same place he started. "Why are they keeping me where I am?" Last week the country got a fair idea as to the GI's answer to that question. Some brass hats tried to say that it was "subversive" elements who were behind the answer. That, of course, is merely an expression of the snobbery and contempt which some officers have for their men. Imagine the men thinking for themselves, organizing themselves, and taking advantage of their right to protest as American citizens! But the answer the men gave, particularly in the Manila area, is proof of the deep-seated fear that they are being held to intervene in internal Philippine affairs. It is known that certain high American officials would not like the native collaborators with the Japanese punished, or defeated in the April elections. The men in the Philippines want to know, for example, why the Eighty-Sixth Infantry Division is being reestablished on a combat basis. Is it to suppress the Philippine Democratic Alliance, which is conducting an intense political campaign against the reactionaries?

Among our troops the thought is growing that the American imperialists behind the country's foreign policy are attempting to have them do a policing job in Europe and the Far East against the democratic forces who were their friends and allies in defeating the Germans and Japanese. The GI's don't like it and they are saying so in no uncertain terms. And the very people who were presumably so concerned with the GI's welfare during the war are now accusing them of "mutiny" and "rioting" and "disorderly conduct." The many thousands among them who are trade unionists have heard these charges before, and small wonder that the troops are asking organized labor for help in bringing them home. Labor is showing itself to be more than a fair-weather friend of the GI's and the veterans; it is sticking by them now as it did during the war when labor was charged with betraying the men on the battlefields.

The battle to bring the troops home quickly is part and parcel of the battle against American imperialism and all its designs, both secret and open. This is

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the crux of the issue. And while labor has already done a good deal, it can do much more. This is mutual aid in its most rewarding form. We also ask our readers to demand of Congress that it take prompt action for the speedy demobilization of the troops and that there be no reprisals against any of the leaders or participants in the GI demonstrations. It would be a mockery of all that these men have fought for if they were punished for putting into practice the freedoms they so valiantly defended.

Hope for China?

THREE events of importance took place in China last week. First, a military truce was agreed upon between the Kuomintang and the Communists and plans made to set up an executive headquarters in Peiping charged with carrying out the cease-fire order. Secondly, Chiang Kai-shek proclaimed a series of reforms in his government including freedom of conscience, publication, assembly and person, abolition of secret police activity, equality of political parties before the law, release of political prisoners and promotion of local self-government. The third important event was the opening of the Political Consultation Conference, composed of Kuomintang, Communist and non-party representatives, which will endeavor to work out a program of political unity and democratization and prepare for a constitutional convention.

These events do not solve the Chinese crisis, for the step between making these announcements and carrying them out is a long one. Nevertheless, they represent the first encouraging news that has come out of Chungking in many, many months. The forces of democracy have won a victory which, while only partial, is nonetheless significant. But it should be remembered that Chiang Kai-shek is notorious for his failure to implement declarations and agreements such as these. If on this occasion his government sincerely adheres to the progressive steps to which it is pledged it will be because China's democratic forces give it no alternative. The key to the situation remains as in the past the question of strengthening and supporting such forces as the Communist Party, the Democratic League and other forward-looking elements in China.

The contrast between results achieved by General Marshall and the shameful performance of his predecessor, Major General Hurley, is as sharp as that between Secretary of State Byrnes' work in London last September and his work in Moscow. In both cases the improvement came as a result of the tremendous pressure exerted upon the Truman administration at home and abroad. But also to be borne in mind is the fact that immediately following the Moscow Declaration, Byrnes and Truman began apologizing to reaction and diluting the agreement. We must look for similar moves in connection with the Chinese situation where the presence of American troops and military equipment provide reaction with exceedingly helpful weapons.

Indeed one cannot be confident of the American government's sincerity in aiding the Chinese toward these new agreements until our troops and arms are removed. We must demand similar tests on the part of Chiang Kai-shek. Until political and personal freedom for patriots becomes effective, until political prisoners like Manchuria's Chang Hsueh-liang are released and permitted to assume positions of leadership, and until the Tai Li gestapo and the CC (Chen brothers) clique are dissolved we shall have no reason to count upon the Generalissimo's pledges.

Starving a Democracy

ON JANUARY 4 the national government of Poland passed a law nationalizing all basic industries employing more than fifty persons. This measure is one of many heroic efforts of the people of Poland and their government to rehabilitate their utterly devastated economy. German fascists have reduced Polish villages and cities to rubble with fiendish calculation and cruelty. The redivision of landed estates and the nationalization of industry are two of the fundamental and indispensable measures whereby Poland can raise its people from the Nazi-created level of cave-dwellers to the status of human beings. All progressive mankind watches with sympathy and admiration this independent effort of the Polish people to rebuild their lives and their shattered nation.

B. Golden

Not so the American ambassador to Poland, the wealthy Arthur Bliss Lane. With indecent haste Mr. Lane informed the Polish government through a public statement a few days later that he would oppose any and all American loans and funds to Poland in retaliation against the nationalization measure. The pretext for this blunt threat of arrogant imperialism is that the new law violates the 1931 US-Polish commercial treaty concluded with the then fascist government permitting full freedom of operation to all American firms on Polish territory. Similar treaties with like provisions were reached with Nazi Germany with the ultimate result that the Polish landlord and capitalist classes became agents of Hitler fascism, bringing in their wake the catastrophe of Nazi invasion. The present nationalization law is in part a measure of national defense and self-preservation against another similar betrayal.

Ambassador Lane speaks for those reactionary forces in America who would use the instrument of relief and loans to destroy the newly-risen democracies of Europe. They would unhesitatingly perpetuate the serf-like status for the Polish people projected by Hitler in order to maintain their pre-war imperialist privileges and practices. Lane's strategy of assault against democratic Poland is the outline of the new pattern of attack against all East European democracies which, like Poland, have taken the path of land distribution and nationalization as the only possible course for the rebirth of their peoples. Progressive Americans must mobilize their forces to combat and defeat this new menace directed against the tortured and now liberated peoples of Europe. Lane's policy would starve the children of Europe and sow the seeds of a new war. Not only must the Lane strategy be defeated but it is essential that a campaign be conducted that Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and other democratic nations be granted low-interest, long-term loans, without onerous terms, to rebuild their economies with the aid of American industrial equipment—a move which would, of course, indirectly benefit American workers with new jobs.

Too Soon

THERE is every reason to believe that the forthcoming elections (January 20 and 27) in the American zone in Germany are being held prematurely with the risk that the nascent democratic groups may be defeated. The balloting will take place only in communities of 20,000 or less and as the authoritative newsletter, "Germany Today," observes it is in these areas that the Nazis are still very active. Further,

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the qualifications for voting are sufficiently unclear to make possible abuse of the election. But equally important is the fact that the anti-Nazi parties have just begun their work. They have not had the time or the means to counteract effectively the Nazi poison spread among Germans for thirteen years. Literature has been practically unavailable and no anti-Nazi newspapers have appeared in these towns. In some of them no anti-Nazi parties have been formed as yet because permission for their organization must be obtained for each separate village. The whole of the reeducation process has, therefore, been delayed.

That, coupled as it is with the fact that the Social Democrats in these areas, unlike their associates in Berlin, refuse to work with the Communists, gives the reactionaries the opportunity to make a showing which they could not if the elections were postponed until later.

Too Long

DEMOCRATIC Americans have suffered the presence of J. Edgar Hoover as director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation far too long. By one of the most expensive and high-powered publicity jobs on record, paid for by the government, this man first imposed himself on the American public as the glorified Boy Scout of the gang-buster days and at a later period as the self-appointed preserver of "American ideals." In actual fact J. Edgar Hoover is one of the most notorious political desperadoes in the government, a Red-baiting, labor-hating, narrow-minded enemy of democracy. It is high time the American people demanded his ouster and the complete reform of his agency.

Hoover's latest outburst took place on the occasion of his accepting from the hands of Cardinal-to-be Francis J. Spellman the annual award of the Catholic Youth Organization of the New York diocese. Delivering himself of a tirade against Communists and communism, he referred to "the evils and corruption of American communism" and he singled out for special attack the American Youth for Democracy.

It was no coincidence that this outburst occurred when millions of workers were striking or preparing to strike on behalf of decent wages and against the big trusts. In vilifying the Communists and the AYD Hoover was employing an age-old tactic against the labor movement and all other progressive forces. Characteristically, the report of his remarks never mentions the word fascism.

Countee Cullen

AT THE untimely age of forty-two, cutting off more notable books and further service to his people, death took away the gifted Negro poet, Countee Cullen, after a career bright with honors. Prize-winning began for him at the age of fifteen and included the Witter Bynner Intercollegiate Poetry Contest award, the William Harmon Foundation award, a Phi Beta Kappa key and a Guggenheim Fellowship. He published seven books of verse which established him among the foremost American poets. As great as any of these distinctions is the affection and esteem of his people, who not only took pride in his achievements but regarded him as their conscientious and devoted spokesman. A modest man, Countee Cullen asked that his work be judged on its own merits and not on his origins. It is on those merits that he ranks high as a poet; and for his services to his people in the fight for real democracy in America he holds a high place as a citizen.

Scientist of Socialism

(*Continued from page 9*)

trayal; whether he was discussing theory or philosophy or party organization, or strategy and tactics, he was ceaselessly waging war against every attempt to convert the Marxist lion into a kitten purring at the fire of capitalism. And Lenin understood too that to defend the truth of Marxism was to enlarge its frontiers, to give it new scope and richness, to use it creatively in solving unprecedented problems.

Lenin spoke of the inevitability of revisionism in capitalist society. We ourselves have seen that the pressure of capitalist ideas is so strong that a quarter of a century after the founding of the American Communist Party it was possible for revisionism to make of it occupied territory. Browderism, however, differed from its precursors in one respect, which is noted in an article by William Z. Foster in the January 13 issue of *The Worker*. Whereas all previous attempts to castrate Marxism professed adherence to the goal of socialism, the theory which Browder developed frankly abandoned this goal and sought to show the capitalists how to make socialism unnecessary. Foster points out that Browder embraced the economic ideas of John Maynard Keynes and Prof. Alvin Hansen, whose chief political disciples have been Franklin D. Roosevelt and Henry A. Wallace. These ideas also dominate the thinking of such publications as *PM*, the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. In other words, the leader of the Communist Party became an ideologist of the liberal bourgeoisie. Perhaps the only similar case in the history of revisionism was "legal Marxism" in Russia, whose exponents later became the nucleus of the Constitutional Democrats, the party of the liberal bourgeoisie.

In reading Mr. Wallace's *60,000,000 Jobs* I have been struck by the rightness of Foster's analysis. While the Secretary of Commerce makes proposals which the labor movement and all progressives can support, he, like Browder, looks to the capitalists, to their "wisdom" and cooperative spirit for the effectuation of his program. He proposes to plan for full employment by leaving everything to the planlessness of "free enterprise," that is, predatory capitalist monopoly.

However, Mr. Wallace, unlike Browder, does not claim to be a Marxist. It does not detract from the positive merits of a Wallace or a Roosevelt to criticize their limitations. On this score too Lenin has much to teach us, as against the Browder tendency to uncritical adulation of capitalist allies. Read, for example, Lenin's essay on Sun Yat-sen (*Selected Works*, Vol. IV), both warmly appreciative and critical. Incidentally, though written in 1912, it will tell you more about China in 1946 than a dozen routine books on the subject.

This ability to combine collaboration with criticism is an expression of the relationship between the struggle for immediate reforms and for socialism. Read almost anything by Lenin and you find a man on fire with the conviction that capitalism is "the last form of slavery" and only socialism can bring salvation to mankind. This passion for socialism is something our own Communist movement has still to learn. For in what country is the economic necessity of socialism so impelling as in the United States? Where else than in the land in which the gigantic expansion of industry has meant either the starving of millions or the killing of millions is it so clear that only a brutal, obsolete social system stands in the way of abundance and rich life for all? The argument for socialism shouts from the conditions of American capitalist life. Many of us will have to learn to hear if we wish to lead.

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READERS' FORUM

I Met the Monster

TO NEW MASSES: At 8:30 in the morning of October 27 Jose Luis Amigo, Jacinto Torras and I, commissioned by *Federacion Nacional de Trabajadores Azucareros* (National Federation of Sugar Workers of Cuba), boarded a Pan American Airways airplane at Rancho Boyeros Airport, Havana, to visit the United States of America, to appeal to the administration, to labor and to the American people in general, to try and obtain for our country an equitable treatment in the sugar negotiations under way.

I had never before been in the United States. The airplane that carried us landed in Miami at ten o'clock in the morning after a splendid flight of one hour and forty minutes. On arriving in Miami we learned that we could not proceed on to Washington, D. C. until eight A. M. next day, by a fast train. Then we spoke by telephone with the America Hotel, where, as we had been informed in Cuba, Cubans generally stay, its owners being Cubans. They answered yes, they had rooms reserved for three. We immediately took a taxicab and went to the hotel. As we arrived, a Cuban girl met us ready to welcome us, but on seeing us she paled and was hardly able to explain that we could not stay at the hotel; she was ashamed to tell us that there was a state law forbidding her to lodge colored persons in the hotel. Finally she told us how very sorry she was, that she was a Cuban, and angry about racial intolerance in the United States, especially in the South, and asked us to excuse her. She further explained that Jose Luis Amigo and Jacinto Torras could stay but that I should go on to some other place where colored persons could board, and recommended me the Mary Elizabeth Hotel, on the outskirts of the city.

I was full of indignation, and so were my friends. I could not help but compare that humiliating situation with the thoughts that my father took arms and fought in the Cuban Revolution to end slavery and for freedom and democracy in my country; the thought came to my mind of the thousands and thousands of American boys—white and Negro—who offered their blood and died just the other day on the battlefields of the world, fighting bigotry and race intolerance in the form of Nazism and fascism, and to make the world safe for freedom and democracy. Then I recalled the thought of the Master—Marti—who, when referring to the retrograde forces in the United States, said: *"Conozco el Monstruo, porque he vivido en sus mismas entranas"* (I know the Monster, for I have lived in her very entrails); and echoing the words of the Master I drowned deep in my breast of a Negro and a Cuban the profoundest damnation of those responsible for such humiliation.

I convinced my companions to stay at the America Hotel. There was no other alternative but to part, and I went to the hotel which had been suggested to me. When night came, I spoke by telephone with my friend Torras. It was about nine o'clock, but he warned me not to leave the hotel, as he had learned that after ten o'clock in the night colored persons are not allowed to be in the street in some sections of Miami. On hearing this I could hardly believe it. I wondered whether I was in the United States of America in peaceful times or in a Nazi concentration camp. I felt as though the room were a straitjacket choking and suffocating me. Then I thought of Cuba, and a sense of relief and gratification pervaded me as I thought of the liberties, the people's rights and true sense of democracy attained by my country through her struggle. However, I realized I ought to bear in silence and go on. I was not in the United States for pleasure or on my own accord. I was there on a mission in behalf of over 400,000 sugar workers who had entrusted to us the interests of the Cuban people in the sugar negotiations.

As I do not speak English, I asked by gestures for soap, a towel and a glass of milk. The hotel owners are Negroes like me, but they did not understand me; though Negroes, they talked a different language; all they knew was that my companion and my interpreter could not stay along with me because of our different skin color, notwithstanding that we talk and feel alike.

Next morning, we boarded *The Champion*, a fast train, which conveyed us to Washington, D. C. We traveled the three of us in a compartment for which we had made reservation from Havana. Apparently because of war conditions Negroes and whites are allowed to travel together, as many Negro officers and privates travel in the trains, many of them returning maimed from the battlefields. But Negroes and whites are not allowed to dine together in the dining car. When dinner was ready, I was set apart in a corner, and then they drew a curtain to separate me from the rest of the diners.

From the train one can see the richness and fertility of the soil at some places, and the sugar mills, cattle pastures, pine woods, here and there stretches of barren land, vast extensions of uncultivated land. At times one would believe to be himself traveling through the provinces of Camaguey and Oriente, where almost all of the lands—chiefly large latifundia—are owned by American imperialistic companies.

We arrived in Washington, and immediately went to the Cuban Embassy, where we were very well received; but we could not all lodge at the same hotel. My friends stayed at the Hotel Roosevelt, and I had the good luck that through the Cuban Consul a well-reputed Negro family agreed to lodge me.

This question of race intolerance is one that should preoccupy seriously the peoples of America. It is only fair that we state, though, that workers generally, the progressive classes and the revolutionary forces in the United States—chiefly the Communists—struggle to do away with such reactionary and retrograde practices, but I believe this struggle is not yet deep enough.

We, all of the peoples of America, in the United States and elsewhere, should struggle with all the resources at hand to do away wholly and forever with all tendencies toward bigotry and race intolerance, fully aware that all such tendencies can only lead to destruction of natural human fellowship, democracy and the very fundamentals of human society.

JESUS MENENDEZ,
General Secretary,
National Federation of Sugar Workers
Havana.

Neurosis and Capitalism

TO NEW MASSES: Dr. Wortis' latest article on psychiatry (January 8) leaves a number of serious questions dangling in the air.

The article is largely an attack on psychoanalysis. Nowhere is there any suggestion that it may have a positive, useful function. Does Dr. Wortis really believe that psychoanalysis—as an objective therapeutic technique—is useless, that all the psychoanalysts are kidding their patients and probably themselves as well? It is difficult for a layman to draw any other main conclusion. If this is his position he really ought to state it a bit more explicitly.

Or does he believe that its usefulness is limited to certain kinds of cases, certain types of mental illness? If so, what are its functions, for what kind of conditions is it useful? If it should be argued that this is a technical matter requiring extensive reference to case records, etc. (i.e., a matter not amenable to accurate generalization), one would have to ask, what is such a discussion doing in a lay magazine?

More, just what are these non-analytic psychiatric techniques that Dr. Wortis talks so vaguely about? He casually mentions fever and insulin treatments, etc., as if they were universally known and accepted—when

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actually some of them are known not to be permanent in their effects and some have but limited applicability. Aside from diagnosis and classification, just what do these non-analytic techniques do? Exactly how do they help people? He emphasizes that much of the help given by psychotherapists is "of an incidental, non-technical nature" and speaks of the importance of sympathy and moral support. Is not the doctor confusing two more or less distinct groups? There *are* many people who need sympathy, support, advice—whose needs will be satisfactorily met by the social worker. But, as a matter of sheer definition, the neurotic, the more or less mentally ill, are those whose problems are on quite another level. Their problems are such that even the wisest "advice" is largely irrelevant.

The view that because neuroses originate in the confusions of our society they do not need specialized treatment at appropriate levels is the most reactionary nonsense. Most tuberculosis arises out of the weaknesses of capitalist society, but it does not follow that TB patients should merely "be encouraged to participate in progressive social activities" or that there is no need for sanitaria and specialized individual treatment. Incidentally, since when has the cost of a therapeutic technique been a measure of its usefulness? The idea that psychoanalysis is vastly more expensive than other medical procedures is simply not true. The treatment of tuberculosis, cerebral palsy, infantile paralysis, many allergy cases, to mention only a few, is extremely expensive and time consuming. This presents real political and organizational problems in making medical service available to workers; it certainly does not mean rejecting the techniques involved.

One final question: psychoanalysis is an established and useful therapeutic method; with all its limitations, it has contributed considerably to human welfare; as Dr. Furst pointed out, it is the only available technique for treating many types of mental illness. These are facts and Marxists are supposed to be concerned first of all with facts. Dr. Wortis is attacking psychoanalysis. He offers nothing concrete, no specific proposals or suggestions. How such a position can contribute to the growth of democracy remains to be explained.

HENRY BLACK.

New York.

The Jewish Writer

TO NEW MASSES: The writers Nathan Ausubel, Karl Shapiro and Isidor Schneider have raised quite a few interesting questions with regard to the Jewish writer's problems (NM, July 31 and November 6). I agree with most of Mr. Ausubel's statements and with his replies to the objections raised by Mr. Shapiro, but I would like to raise some other questions on the issue in point.

Why have not the American-Jewish writers who use the English language as their medium of expression given us literary works, creative writings on the destruction of six million Jews, over one-third of the Jewish people? Where, in what works of art by these American-Jewish writers, can there be found a deep expression of the Jewish national woe and sorrow, grief and wrath over the greatest catastrophe in Jewish life and history?

A writer, an "engineer of the human soul," carries great responsibilities with him. He is not only the literary chronicler and recorder of his time; not only does he have to write. He is to be a part of the people and to go ahead of the people. A Jewish writer bears responsibilities to his people. He must deeply know their history, culture, current experiences, problems. An American-Jewish writer has double responsibilities. One can and has to be a good Jew and a good American. One can and has to be loyal to the best progressive and democratic traditions of Jewish-American life and history.

It is true that some American-Jewish writers have, as many others, commercialized their art. It is true that some of them have too much in mind the book market. It is true that some of them have distorted views of Jewish life and character. But the fact remains that the honest Jewish writer—and I agree that "he is the rule rather than the exception"—has failed to give us creative works in English on the great Jewish tragedy of the last few years.

In Yiddish literature in this country, as well as in other countries, especially in the Soviet Union, we do have many fine examples of how Jewish writers responded to those events. Yiddish writers have given proper literary expression to the great Jewish tragedy. They have artistically embodied their deep emotions and feelings, as well as the feelings of the Jewish masses, in their works, each in his own way.

The American-Jewish writers who use English as their medium have written novels, biographies, literary essays, poetry, but they have failed to give literary expression to the last voices of the Jewish victims murdered in the Nazi gas-chambers.

I think one of the main reasons for this serious omission is lack of sufficient Jew-consciousness and pride, a sort of nihilism with regard to the national question, also a confusion of the issues of Jewishness and Judaism as Mr. Shapiro displayed it in his article. Hitler has already shown brutally and bestially that once a Jew, always a Jew: one who was born a Jew cannot escape his people and the lot of his people, whether he chooses so or not. It is best for Jewish-American writers, as well as for Jews generally, to learn seriously what it means to be a Jew. It will save them a great deal of horror and embarrassment.

The American Jewish writer who lacks the knowledge of Yiddish, the living language of the Jewish masses, is to an extent barred from a full access to the soul and life of his people. The knowledge of this language (and of the rich literature in this language) would give him an open door to the inner life of the Jew, that is, his hopes and dreams, joys and sorrows, worries and yearnings. It is with this language on their lips that millions of Jewish victims died in the torture-chambers. It is in this language that Jewish poets wrote their last verses in the last hours before their horrible death.

To write of the destruction of over one-third of our people (unparalleled in human history) is universal enough: "All mankind is one volume" and "any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind" (John Donne). Any attack on the Jewish people is also an attack on mankind, and there can be no justice in the world without justice to the Jews.

BER GREEN.

New York.

Ber Green is an American-Yiddish poet and literary critic, author of a book of poetry "Flowers Under Snow," member of the Morning Freiheit *staff.*

Britain's Unity Theater

TO NEW MASSES: Many of your readers will be interested to learn something of the new plans of Unity Theater in Britain which, after a difficult experience during the war years, is planning considerable developments. So far we have existed solely as an amateur Society which has achieved standards comparable to those of the professional stage and we are now planning a partial professional venture in the sense that while retaining our basis in the amateur movement we are also launching two professional companies, one in Glasgow and one in London.

I write on behalf of the London company and wish to appeal to our friends in the American theater for help in overcoming some of the difficulties due to the war years. We urgently need copies of good, modern American plays and theoretical textbooks, very few of which are now available in Britain. We should also be grateful for any stage materials, costumes, curtains and other equipment which cannot be obtained in this country without coupons. We should also be extremely grateful to be informed of developments in the theater in America and kept posted with copies of theatrical literature, forthcoming productions, publishers' lists and so on. I am sure that our friends in America will appreciate how much such assistance can mean to us at this time.

A number of leading figures in the British theatrical world such as Dame Sybil Thorndyke, Sir Lewis Casson, John Geilgud and others have already given us some financial support for our new venture as have various organizations such as trade union bodies.

We are hoping that, either in the practical manner previously suggested or by means of donations to our funds or investment in the shares of our society, some of our American friends will associate themselves with what is quite a bold experiment in linking professional and amateur companies and the development of a theater workshop such as we have not yet achieved in Britain.

JOHN COLLIER.

Golding Street,
London, N.W.1.

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STILL A PATTERN OF FAILURE

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

SOME readers considered my evaluation of F. Scott Fitzgerald (NM, Dec. 4, 1945) lacking because it left his unfinished novel, *The Last Tycoon,* undiscussed. In their opinion *The Last Tycoon* indicated such an enlargement of understanding in Fitzgerald as to invalidate my conclusions. Their letters, and the fact that new printings of *The Last Tycoon* are bringing it before a new audience, has led me to correct the omission.*

I should say, at once, that while *The Last Tycoon* shows a large advance in understanding, especially of the social backgrounds, its sense of the human personality shows no change. The area covered is much larger; but the pattern remains the same.

Before going into the conformities to that pattern in *The Last Tycoon,* I will summarize the points in my last article on which the pattern was outlined. They were derived from an analysis of what remain for me Fitzgerald's best novels, *The Great Gatsby* and *Tender Is the Night,* checked against the similar pattern in his own life as disclosed in the letters and confessional articles reprinted in *The Crack-Up.*

I called my article "A Pattern of Failure" because in each of these books a conspicuously successful man is suddenly exposed as a failure. His success turns upon a complex of money, and personal confidence that hold together only so long as acceptance by a women seems to equate it with sexual power. When the man is rejected the money proves to be somebody else's or to be illegitimately earned; confidence drains out; and destiny that, up to then, seemed to be a wheel in his steering hand becomes the wheel that runs him over.

In *The Great Gatsby* the hero's wealth and power appear vast and secure until we learn that it has all been heaped up to enable Gatsby to approach his idealized, authentically rich girl at her own altitude. As soon as that is revealed the mound turns to sand and begins to slide back. In conscious or unconscious symbolism the woman's role in reducing him is highlighted when, at her urging, Gatsby closes down the enormous house in which he has sought to frame his power. Thereafter, with terrific speed, Gatsby diminishes to the physical vanishing point of death.

In *Tender Is the Night* the psychiatrist, Dick Diver, has a suave potency to which infinite wealth gives infinite range. He has them for a third of the book. At that point his wife, doubly dependent upon him as wife and patient, begins to strain away from him in simultaneous alienation and self-cure. It then develops that the Diver money is hers, not his. With that revelation his power swiftly runs out. Another man, representing, again, aristocracy and inherited wealth, takes his wife from him. And Dick Diver recedes into a dimmer and dimmer shadow, fluttering weakly by in pitying or contemptuous references in the correspondence of former friends.

Gatsby and Diver seem to be projections of the self-portrait that can be put together from the material in *The Crack-Up.* There Fitzgerald describes a fixation whose conscious beginning was his rejection by a girl who chose a wealthier man. Burying his disappointment in writing, he became a best seller and realized the power that prestige and money can bring—yet not entirely, for the rejection kept them unreal. There is a probability that Fitzgerald yielded to a compulsion to earn the frequently unneeded easy money of cheap magazine and film writing to confirm his sense of their unreality. An end came in the nervous breakdown pictured with the fine-spirited yet pathetic candor of *The Crack-Up.*

The fact that the rejection occurred to Fitzgerald during a seemingly protracted adolescence might account for the dream quality of his heroes and their swift, dream-end dissolution. Gatsby, Diver—and Stahr in *The Last Tycoon* —have the mysterious potencies typical of the supermen of adolescent revery. In the Fitzgerald pattern, the rejection by the woman functions as the shock of awakening; the dream dissipates and the dreamed-up character with it.

In *The Last Tycoon,* Monroe Stahr again repeats this pattern. His power is presented as complete and effortless, but it remains so only up to the appearance of the woman. Her role is foreshadowed in the adjective that characterizes their "fatal" meeting. After that we learn that Stahr is a sick man and the best the doctors anticipate is to draw a little more length from the short thread; that his dominion is insecure; that the money power is in other hands; that he is doomed. In the fragments and plans left by Fitzgerald, Stahr dies in an airplane accident; but the manner is immaterial: death was inevitable.

Though it does not break from Fitzgerald's compulsive pattern of failure, *The Last Tycoon,* as it would have been had Fitzgerald lived to finish it, is stronger and richer in several ways than any of his previous novels. For the first time, here, Fitzgerald dealt with a part of the modern world in full function—in this case the life around the film industry—and dealt with it at first hand.

With a penetration reached in no other book on Hollywood, Fitzgerald shows the degeneration of talent and spirit in that fiercely competitive "entertainment" industry. No one, so far as I know, has explored with such sensitiveness the origins and course of the Hollywood—or Broadway or any "entertainment" industry—diseases of sycophancy and cynicism.

Yet, for all its rich promise, I feel *The Last Tycoon* would, even in its finished form, have fallen short of *The Great Gatsby.* True, the latter novel is more limited in range, hardly more than a tour de force. But it is consistent within its own terms; it is a structural and psychological whole. The Gatsby failure does not disturb because the Gatsby success is never more than a rumor. The romantic, self-hypnotized fraud that Gatsby was is intimated from the start. The revelations all flow from it, and because they have that source, they have continuity and mounting effect.

In addition, Gatsby has symbolic value as a minor American Quixote, a legend to end legends. Through him

* THE LAST TYCOON, The Great Gatsby and Selected Short Stories, *by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Scribner's. $2.75.*

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the "American dream" is dreamed out. It is managed with such compassionate irony that, just as the reader is genuinely moved by poor deluded Don Quixote, so he is moved by poor deluded Gatsby. His goal, too, was a mirage; but, like Don Quixote, his reaching for it had the dignity of aspiration.

Primarily for this reason *The Great Gatsby* remains for me the superior book as social fiction as well. But there are other reasons. Gatsby succeeds in doing in fiction what a certain philosophic thief sought to do in the courtroom in defending robbery as appropriate to capitalist mores. "If the rich may take in the form of profits what does not belong to them, why may not I take what does not belong to me?" Gatsby's racketeering travesties "reputable" business. Wolfsheim, for whom he fronts, is passionately reputable. And Gatsby devotes himself to the conspicuous waste that, as Veblen has shown, is a primary function of capitalist wealth. And there is no doubt about Fitzgerald's social judgments. There is ironic pity for Gatsby, the poor boy, duped by the capitalist dream, who takes the shortcut to its fulfillments, indicated by the conditions of his time. But there is withering contempt for the 'legitimately' rich Buchanans.

THAT any larger social vision would have emerged in the completed *Last Tycoon* seems to me unlikely. Stahr is too dreamed up. Possibly the conditions of 1940, when the book was written, made Stahr's idealization more credible than it sounds in 1946. The relations between the three writers and the tycoon scarcely makes inspiring reading. One of the three lacks character; a second lacks imagination; the third lacks talent. Yet the resistance of the first two, to abuse of their talent, their resistance to being planed down to the level of the third, is made to appear an unconscious sabotage. There is the hint that by a subtler conformity they could fulfill themselves in a kind of Hollywood collective, though it must have been clear to Fitzgerald that the only thing collective about it would be collective submission.

Such submission, however, had already been rationalized in *The Crack-Up*. With its sad and at times cynical conviction of the inevitability of human unhappiness and failure, it announced a decision to restrict personal involvements which, in literary terms, came to limiting Fitzgerald's function to that of observer. In *The Great Gatsby* judgments are made; in *The Last Tycoon* judgments are avoided. The Communist is treated fairly along with the tycoon; and bestialities are dealt with as behavior reflexes — or are romanticized.

Certainly *The Last Tycoon*, had it been finished, would have turned out a notable novel. Even in the fragmentary form in which it is left it is deft, sensitive, and often breathtakingly accurate in its observation. But it remains limited by the defects of will acknowledged in *The Crack-Up* and by the compulsive pattern of failure into which all Fitzgerald's work has been forced. There is no question but that the American money-power complex became, in a reverted form, a chief component in that pattern.

Jewish Americans

JEWS IN AMERICAN HISTORY, 1654-1865, *by Philip S. Foner. International. 35c.*

THE average informed American's ignorance of American Jewish history is probably exceeded only by his ignorance of American Negro history. As it is taught in American schools and colleges, history is still usually presented as concerning certain dominant minorities in the country, with only bows, at most, to the participation of other minorities. It is as part of the struggle for equality that such minorities are more insistently reviving their own histories and setting them forth as an integral part of the American record. Toward this NEW MASSES' recently launched campaign for a Jewish History Week is a contribution. And in this connection, Dr. Philip S. Foner's little volume is very useful. There is nothing in print to equal it. Although it is only a seventy-page sketch "of the part played by the Jewish people in several outstanding social and political movements to advance democracy in America," it merits a large audience.

As the first professional historian in many years to turn his attention to American Jewish history, Dr. Foner has done more than reap the easily garnered fruits to be found in the publications of the American Jewish Historical Society. With his extensive background of researches into the democratic forces in America, into the history of labor, the Negro people, and the women's movement, Dr. Foner has been able to sweep into the ken of American Jewish historiography certain persons and events hitherto omitted. There is Mrs. Esther Greenleaf, the Jewish shoebinder of Lynn, Mass., who played a stirring role in the 1860 New England shoe workers' strike; there is Mrs. Chalkstone of the anti-slavery crusade led by the Women's National Loyal League; there is Ernestine L. Rose, outstanding women's rights champion; there is the link between Frederick Douglass and the anti-slavery rabbi, Dr. Bernard Felsenthal.

None of these is mentioned in either the old or the new Jewish encyclopedias. Dr. Foner shows how indispensable to the field of American Jewish historiography are the services of the professional historian who, because he knows more than Jewish life only, is able to extend our knowledge of that very Jewish life itself.

At the same time, certain shortcomings should be noted. Dr. Foner sometimes slips into apologetics, as when he brushes over the fact that most Jews living in the Confederate states supported the Confederacy. There are some Jewish writers so lacking in both historical and moral values as to regard the Confederate leader Judah P. Benjamin as American Jewry's greatest contribution to American statesmanship.

But the best answer to such indiscriminate "claims" is a straightforward materialist interpretation uncolored by attempts to "prove" that Jews were less affected by their conditions of life than were non-Jews. Lacking also is a class analysis of his material. "Democracy" and "democratic" tend here to become solvents, instead of expressions, of class forces. I miss also an account of the extensive struggle for enforcing the separation of Church and state that was waged by and around the Jews in the period between 1820 and 1860. In general, Dr. Foner's work would gain in depth if he allowed himself more room to reflect on his material and to generalize from it. Although he writes interestingly, he crowds his facts.

In one important section, too, it seems to me the author has failed to exercise proper historical caution. In describing the work of Haym Salomon, Dr. Foner has hastily swallowed certain exaggerations challenged fifteen years ago by the meticulous and resourceful Jewish historical research workers, Max J. Kohler and Samuel Oppenheim. Since their work has never been refuted, it is regrettable that Dr. Foner did not give it more consideration. Perhaps a new edition will permit of revision of this section.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Foner will

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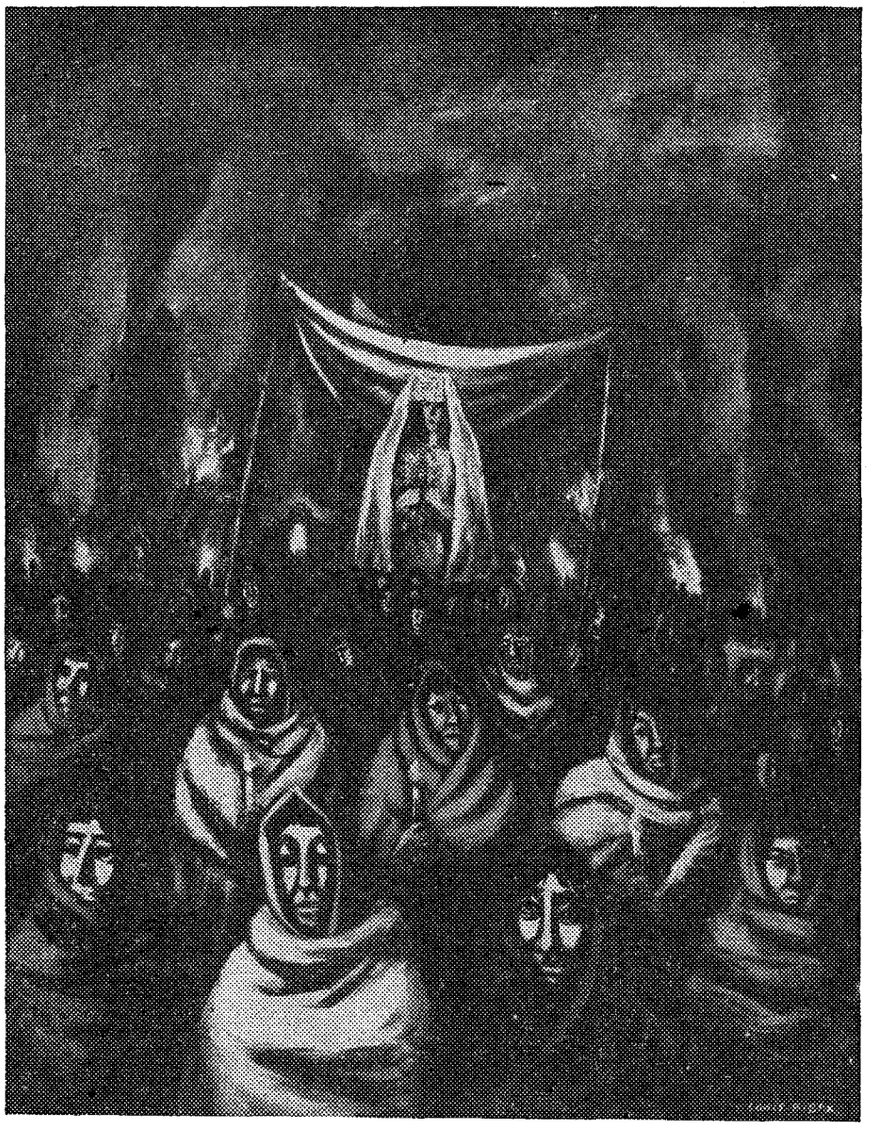

Courtesy ACA Gallery.
"Christmas Eve Procession," oil by Louis Ribak.

continue to work in the field of American Jewish life, enriching it as he has so many other aspects of American history.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

No Easy Handshake

TRIAL BALANCE: The collected short stories of William March. *Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.*

ONE cannot quarrel with an artist so honest, so painstaking as Mr. March, one of our finest short story writers. He reflects so accurately and with such target malice the social life of our day in the United States. He gives no easy handshake, no gesture of reconciliation towards the forces that have confined man to deathly chambers. But surely a writer is also a scientist, a searcher for even isolated phenomena which might indicate future antennae, isolate even faint stirrings or recordings of a new form from the stifling egg of the imperialist world. It is a contribution to diagnose symptoms, and isolate the virus, and warn against the plague. You cannot cavil when as fine and sensitive a man as Mr. March says, "this is what I see," even "this is *all* I see. I cannot diagnose the cause or cure, but this is the condition shown by the autopsy."

Some of these stories, which date from one world war to another—through boom and depression, in chronological order, to 1944—have the accuracy, the minutiae, even the certain macabre beauty of an autopsy report. The worst carnage Mr. March sees is the awful and incessant pilfering of man's natural life and dignity.

There is the famous story "The Funeral," where a poor half-wit Negro child, thinking to be as much loved and have as fine a funeral as her white friend, happily hangs herself on her swing, thinking, "Why, I can have a funeral if I feel like it. Nothing to stop me from having a funeral as good as *anybody*, if I want to." Or "Send in Your Answer," about the Minnits radio program, where Mr. Paul, the heart-throb man, reads the last note of a suicide who says, "Man never had anything but his dignity, and now he has lost even that." Mr. Paul says, "And now we ask you, the great American jury of public opinion, to send in your answer explaining what, if anything, he meant by his cryptic words, your answer accompanied with a box top of Minnits. Who knows, you may be the lucky winner!"

But Mr. March, unlike some of his bitter contemporaries, has an almost physical love for his people, a tender apprehension of the way their hats hang on their heads, their minute and defenseless tenderness, and amazement that in the face of the great "fink" they walk with hope and speak with love. This warmth and belief is something we do not have too much of in literature.

Mr. March is of those who, when young, bore the terrible imprint of war upon the nerves, and when in his prime has seen another war. His stories bear that imprint upon the cell and the eye of the mind. Men and artists who have been to war bear certain marks and convey these painful mutilations to our culture in vivid and antiseptic terms. March does not assume any decorations, any mitigating lights or fanciness. He does not assume the privilege of further transformation to project a future image or to illuminate social growths and new forms of the collective organism which might body forth a new mode of man's relation to his world.

He is like his wonderful story, "I'm Crying With Relief," in which a poor man throws himself under a subway train shouting that he has nothing to live for. A girl, hearing that he was "making progress" in the hospital, though he was blinded and had lost both legs, exclaims, "I'm crying with relief. I thought the poor man died!" And Mr. March here does allow himself an exclamation point.

You have to take it in small doses; it is lethal. It is like taking nitrogen, though, for the heart. We who have lived it cannot find any fault though with the scalpel accuracy and the surgeon-like tenderness.

Mr. March is a great genre artist of the American scene.

MERIDEL LE SUEUR.

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Appeaser Diplomat

WARTIME MISSION IN SPAIN, *by Carlton J. H. Hayes. Macmillan. $3.*

READING Mr. Hayes' latest book, which represents a sharp departure from the historical writing with which his name is more often associated, one is led to suspect that Mr. Hayes himself would prefer to be remembered not as the man who served as our ambassador to Franco Spain from May 1942, to January 1945, but as Seth Low Professor of History at Columbia University, president of the American Historical Association, and co-chairman of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

If his historical niche among the American people proves to be, instead, that of the figure who, perhaps above all others, has stood for our bankrupt policy of "appeasement" toward Franco and his Axis-created regime, he has chiefly himself to blame. This apologia for his mission in fascist Spain during our critical war years is ineffectual. He grinds his axe with singularly little skill.

Mr. Hayes finds himself caught helplessly on the question-mark of a basic dilemma: Did Franco decide to throw in his lot openly with the Axis and was Hayes instrumental in making him change his mind, thereby preventing Spain from becoming an active military theater that might have impaired our use of Gibraltar as a base for our North African and Italian operations? Or was Franco bluffing all the time—in which case the Hayes mission was, at best, a waste of time and considerable money ($160,000,000 for our "preemptive" purchases of Franco's wolfram alone)? Professor Hayes, struggling to justify his own role as our principal "appeaser" without having to say an unkind word about Franco (he'd rather be caught dead) cannot seem to decide which answer is the correct one.

Fortunately, however, the answer to that fundamental question has already come to us—not in anything that Hayes says or omits but in Nazi documents discovered by our military forces in Germany and now being made public. These include exchanges of letters between Franco and Hitler, showing that Franco failed to plunge Spain into the war, in a full military sense, alongside his Axis pals because they refused to meet his price, part of which was French Morocco. Later, although he continued to give them invaluable economic, political and military aid, he balked at an open alignment because he saw the handwriting of the coming Allied victory on the wall.

How incredible, in the face of this are Hayes' bland suggestions that sentimental considerations may have prevented Franco from jumping on a prostrate France. To support this, the author states that France is the only foreign country in which Franco has lived. But the official biographies of Franco remind us that the Caudillo studied briefly both in Dresden and Berlin in the late twenties, when he was head of the military college of Zaragoza under the Primo de Rivera dictatorship.

This bald error of historical fact—and the book is full of them—is not too important per se. But it furnishes a significant clue to the Hayes train of thought on anything that concerns Franco—regarding whose fate he claims to be indifferent. The extent of his "indifference" can be gauged with some accuracy, however, in his shocking analogy between the triumph of the Axis-sponsored and Axis-fought Franco rebellion in 1939 and the victory won by the Union armies in our own Civil War!

Mr. Hayes' professed indifference can also be understood for what it really is in the following assertion, which belies all the facts that our own State Department is now making public: "Nor . . . has General Franco's dictatorship been inspired by Nazi ideology. . . ." His pleas for nonintervention in Franco Spain and maintaining diplomatic relations with it contains the kind of thinking that previously permitted the rise of fascism.

Professor Hayes has failed incredibly to learn the great and terrifying lesson of our time: that fascism under any name, including the Franco-Falange state which we criminally continue to recognize, is a bomb, poised not only over the heads of its own people but over American democracy and all civilization as well.

DALE CHALMERS.

Tired People

ALL SUMMER LONG, *by Wilder Hobson. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50.*

THE jacket blurb places this novel as a "comedy of manners and morals in the long tradition which includes Thomas Love Peacock, the early novels of Aldous Huxley, and Evelyn Waugh." This fabricated literary connection suggests the nature of the book's failure. The decadent behavior it deals with reaches a level of sophistication only as the price for its remoteness from the vital concerns of living. Its dubious rewards are the occasional humors of Mr. Hobson's parasites and such vagrant insights as he provides into the private maladies of some obscure social types.

Satire in the great tradition has never had a subject so far removed from the ordinary paths where people congregate. However freakish and eccentric its specimens may seem, their social ties are more substantial, at least their behavior is more centrally involved in the workings of society, than Mr. Hobson's amiable flotsam.

The tie that binds his characters together is an aimless suspension of activity and a diminishing interest in life.

All, even the younger people, have reached a point at which their better days seem to be behind them, and their small intrigues have little zest. The exposure of emotion, such as it is, takes us into the inner unpleasantnesses of personality rather than manners. Against the dynamism of the successful suitor, who is grossly successful in business as well, is opposed the painless renunciation of an old-line aristocrat, who pensively relaxes. To these two, perhaps the most interesting persons in the novel, may be added aging, impotent, or frustrated people suspended in a tired and yacuous leisure that Mr. Hobson seems to suggest is not without grace. There is a loss of momentum as the book proceeds, and the wheezy philosophics of some of the characters in the latter half makes one feel that the summer was dull as well as overlong.

Mr. Hobson's group of parasites on a long holiday may be well described here; but Mr. Hobson has mounted them with too little concern for their social biology.

R. K. EMORY.

A Man Discovered

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: Selections from His Poetry and Prose, *edited with an introduction by Samuel Sillen. International. 35c.*

IN ONE of the most moving passages in *Specimen Days*, Walt Whitman tells of the gloom after the battle of Bull Run—the despair in Washington, the open fifth-column talk among "certain of the magnates and officers and clerks and officials," the "shame, helplessness and stupefying disappointment everywhere." He describes how Lincoln sternly met the crisis, and adds, "Then the great New York papers

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at once appeared" (among them the *Post*, of which Bryant was the editor), "with leaders that rang out over the land with the loudest, most reverberating ring of clearest bugles, full of encouragement, hope, inspiration, unfaltering defiance. . . . They came in good time, for they were needed."

Like many of the great men of our early history, Bryant is more famous than known. The reaction following the "Reconstruction" of the seventies was not only a setback to our democracy that is still felt today, but initiated as well a malignant attack upon the very basis of democratic thought, and was the origin of a still-to-be-corrected distortion or dimming of the work and ideas of some of our most clearsighted, democratic leaders. For this reason, Sillen's job of restoration takes on political as well as literary importance.

Bryant was not a great poet, but an honest writer and militant democrat who wrote good poetry. He leaned on British poets such as Wordsworth, Shelley, Southey and, in some work, Milton. His American quality is not marked, therefore, in his forms, but is felt rather in his images that are taken, as he advised other poets to take them, "directly from nature."

Just as his poetry embraced politics, his editorial work took on poetic eloquence, for both came from the same impulse; to arouse and instruct his fellow-citizens. He knew democracy as something profoundly national, and profoundly international. He saw that it had to be constantly guarded and fought for at home. He welcomed it with exultation wherever it appeared abroad.

It would be well if schoolbooks and anthologies added to the familiar "Thanatopsis" and "To a Wild Fowl" such poems as "The Antiquity of Freedom." And it would be well if newspaper editors today could read his independent and bold editorials, such as "On the Right to Strike," or "What the 'Conservatives' Want."

Sillen's book consists of a biographical and critical essay on Bryant, twenty-four excellently selected poems, and eleven of his prose pieces. The essay is a model of concentrated writing and clearheaded thinking, marked by a rightness in placing Bryant within the frame of his times, a task more often proclaimed as a goal in criticism than actually accomplished. Its effect, as Sillen says of reading Bryant, is "to dethrone a legend and discover a man, one of the noblest in our national tradition."

S. FINKELSTEIN.

Capitalist Democracy

BIG DEMOCRACY, *by Paul H. Appleby. Knopf. $2.75.*
DECENTRALIZE FOR LIBERTY, *by Thomas Hewes. Richard R. Smith. $1.*
THE FREE STATE, *by D. Brogan. Knopf. $2.*
CAN DEMOCRACY RECOVER? *by Louis Marlio. Doubleday Doran. $2.*

MOST of these books were written during the war and before the atom broke over the world. It is doubtful, however, whether even the atom would have cleared their confusions.

In *Big Democracy* Mr. Appleby pleads the cause of "bureaucracy," apparently in an attempt to defend it against charges of waste and red tape. A big country, he says, a big democracy, needs a big government to run it. But instead of statesmanlike perspectives we have here, too often, officeholder rationalizations.

Decentralize for Liberty is a reactionary manifesto calling for the end of all control over private business. It is the familiar reactionary argument posed in liberal phrases. It is, therefore, no surprise to find Mr. Hewes chary of unions and insistent upon "fair" profits.

More scholarly is D. W. Brogan's *The Free State*. He attempts to get at the origins of freedom and to analyze its course through history. It soon becomes clear that he is an expounder and defender of bourgeois freedom: of the rights of monopolists and imperialists with the American brand as the example of fulfillment.

The fourth defender of capitalist democracy, Louis Marlio, says: "The Marxist economic system can be eliminated, since in its original form it has already proved itself a failure in Russia by the inadequacy of its production and the excess of its bureaucracy." Some pages further, however, he remarks, "in the past twenty-five years Russia has passed through an incredible period of economic growth. Her coal output and her steel production have been quadrupled." His book, *Can Democracy Recover?* is full of such contradictions as he attempts to assure, by the process of wishful thinking, long life to "democracy"—by which he means capitalism.

KURT CONWAY.

Social Criticism

RENAISSANCE LITERARY CRITICISM: A Study of Its Social Content, *by Vernon Hall, Jr. Columbia University Press. $3.*

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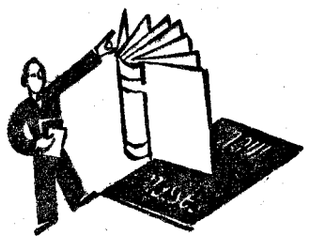

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terpretation of literature has achieved academic respectability. Hall's book is a useful first attempt to exhibit the plain connections of literary criticism during the Renaissance with social ideas and criteria.

Two related social themes run through this Renaissance literary criticism: explicit class consciousness and the rising nationalistic feeling in Europe, manifested in the fight for acceptance of the vernacular—the native written language—in Italy, France and England, the three countries scrutinized by Hall. The emergence of Europe from feudalism required the rejection of Latin, the reigning language of medieval learning and the Church. Progressive writers took their part, through this fight, in the movement to establish the new society.

The class lines in the Renaissance's critical conceptions of tragedy, comedy, epic and minor genres, were explicit. The critics maintained that tragedy should be restricted to the nobility, comedy to the middle class and "satyr," or farce, as we should call it, to the lowest class. Like tragedy, epic has kings and noble personages as its heroes and their problems as its subject. Hall shows that Renaissance literary criticism reflects the scorn in which the common people were held by the aristocracy, and that it considered the predominant social purpose of poetry to be that of maintaining the stability of the state. Hall successfully demonstrates his thesis by extensive quotations and documentation.

This study, however, is only a beginning, breaking ground for deeper study. Hall does not go fully into the historical significance of these critical ideas. For background he draws almost exclusively upon political history, practically ignoring the enormous significance of the emerging system of capitalist production. He is concerned to show the democratic aspects of the fight for the vernacular, but fails to explain what this signified for the period in question; and the progressive role played by nationalism in the growth of the new order is hardly touched upon.

LOUIS HARAP.

No Cynic

SYSTEMATIC POLITICS, *by Charles E. Merriam. University of Chicago Press. $3.75.*

PROFESSOR MERRIAM has had a long and a most distinguished career in the study and application of political science. He has held elective city positions and has served as a technical adviser to Presidents from Roosevelt to Roosevelt, and was, for thirty years, head of the Department of Political Science at the University of Chicago.

It is heartening to find that this large and varied experience has not left him a Jeremiah or a cynic. Professor Merriam has little but contempt for the Spenglers, Paretos, Haushofers and Hayeks, those darlings of bourgeois intellectuals who, by a stroke of colossal conceit, identify their own corruption, despair and impotence with the feelings and attributes of the masses. Professor Merriam believes that "good will without a sound program is futile." The program he calls for is admirable and includes guaranteed full employment, decent minimum standards of living, absolute political and civil equality for all, and an effective world jural order preventing international wars.

Yet a strain of philosophic idealism and a renunciation of historical materialism runs through this volume, and weakens it. Professor Merriam believes, and constantly repeats, that the ends of government are and have been general security, order, justice, welfare and freedom.

But he knows, and states, that historically governments have established security, order, justice, welfare, and freedom *for the few who ruled*. From the viewpoint of any meaningful definition of these terms, it is directly contrary to fact so to state the purposes of government. When, at the end of the volume, the writer qualifies his point by stating that the "valid" or "true" ends of government *should* be, and in our state of physical and social development, *can* be those cited, he is on firmer ground.

A similar error is made when the author insists that the doctrines of laissez-faire and of collectivism "lead to class struggle and revolutionary uprisings." This is putting the cart before the horse for, in the main, doctrines reflect and originate from existing social and economic facts rather than the opposite. Nor do we agree that war has always and must always bring nothing but pestilence and death. War is a political act and as such its results depend upon its political motivation and content. Just wars, within and among nations, have existed and have played major roles in the development and progress of humankind.

This is not an "advocacy" of violence per se, of which Merriam falsely accuses Marxists, but recognition of historical fact.

Still the volume has much to recom-

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mend it, based, as it is, upon a prodigious range of study and experience.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Medicine in War

OUT OF CARNAGE, *by Alexander R. Griffin. Howell, Soskin. $3.*

MUCH of the material in this book has already been handled in newspaper articles and other books, notably *Miracles of Military Medicine* and *The Wounded Get Back*, both by Alfred Maisel. However, Mr. Griffin's book goes further, adding to exciting front-line case histories valuable summaries and quotations from official reports, and is written in clear, untechnical language.

He retells the story of Fleming and penicillin, of the fight against typhus with DDT, of wartime successes in the fight against malaria and the successes against jaundice. He details the life-saving record of blood plasma and describes recent experiments on the fractionation of blood plasma which has produced components five times as effective for certain purposes as whole plasma, and a gama globulin that may prevent measles. He also has an excellent chapted on the "soul-surgery" of Lieut-Col. Grinker and Major Spiegel with the drug sodium pentothal, which induces seminarcocis and enables the patient to relive his traumatic battle experiences in the presence of a psychiatrist, producing remarkable cures effected in a period of three to seven days. There is also a fascinating survey of air medicine.

Covering the newer methods in anesthesia, Mr. Griffin details the historical experiments in crymotherapy, or the therapeutic use of cold and refrigeration anethesia. Regarding the treatment of burns he points to the failure of the highly publicized tannic acid treatment, and tells of the experiences gained with pressure bandaging as a result of the horrible night club fire in Boston in 1942. The Navy has since greatly refined the technique. JAMES KNIGHT.

MUSIC IN 1945

THE outstanding fact about musical life in New York during the past year is that, despite the handicaps of a war year, it was rich in the number, variety and quality of American compositions.

I shall have space here only to indicate a few of the more significant events. One was the appointment to musical posts of great responsibility of two young American composers, William Schuman as director of the Juilliard School, and Leonard Bernstein as director of the New York City Symphony. While it is too early to speak of Mr. Schuman's influence on musical education, Mr. Bernstein has already demonstrated initiative and vigor in planning the programs of his orchestra, and in his devotion to contemporary music. Through effective balancing of the traditional and the modern, he has succeeded in providing some of the most original programs heard in recent years. The New York Philharmonic, too, under Artur Rodzinski, has displayed a healthy enthusiasm for contemporary music, without making concessions to mediocrity.

Exceptional programs were offered at the first annual festival of contemporary American music held at Columbia University and devoted to chamber music and orchestral works by David Diamond, Henry Brant, Walter Piston, Robert Palmer, Robert McBride and others. Equally important were the three concerts of contemporary American choral music at Temple Emanu-El, and the Friday evening service of modern liturgical music at the Park Avenue Synagogue. Both events revealed new possibilities for utilizing the modern musical idiom. Toscanini and the NBC orchestra gave a remarkable performance of American works, including a suite by Siegmeister. And WNYC continued its exhilarating annual festivals of American music.

As far as new musical ensembles are concerned, the past year produced only one valuable addition—Dean Dixon's American Youth Orchestra, which inaugurated a new series of programs for young people. Properly supported, this promises to be one of the significant cultural developments of our time.

On the other side of the ledger must be set the Metropolitan Opera House. It is easy—and even fashionable—to damn that institution. But it seems to me more important to raise fundamental questions which go beyond mere issues of taste and performance. The Metropolitan has long since ceased to be a cultural influence in America; it

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What Can You Spare That They Can Wear?

no longer pretends to be anything but an expensive bit of real estate and a museum of antiquities. But even its talent and zest in selecting and arranging these antiquities seem to have departed. As far as its directors are concerned, operas ceased to be composed after *Der Rosenkavalier,* though there was a time, I recall, when it was possible to hear within its auditorium such contemporary works as Krenek's *Jonny Spielt Auf,* Weinberger's *Schwanda,* and one or two American operas. And among older masterpieces Gluck's *Orfeo* sometimes obtained a hearing. Today, one doesn't even mention American operas, and thousand dollar prizes won't produce them. All the talk in the world and over the radio won't make of the Metropolitan a people's institution; and not before the lords who rule it realize that it is dead are we likely to see a change to something living.

The performances at the New York City Opera Company were, for the most part, lively, especially *The Bartered Bride* and *The Flying Dutchman.* I'd like to see a little more enterprise and experimentation here—and less pretentiousness and lavishness; a little more of the spirit which permeated the Federal Music Projects and made them so rewarding in the selection of material and modesty of their projection.

Which naturally brings me to the subject of reconversion. Musicians no less than others have here been guilty of gross neglect. It is not too late to set things moving: to begin serious consideration of long-range projects on a local and national scale. For example, the problem of federal and city subsidies for musical centers and other enterprises—and, in this connection, subsidies for the New York City Center, so as to make the latter an actual institution of culture. The role that radio can play in the popularization of modern American music has scarcely been seriously discussed. The expansion of musical activities in the schools, in the trade unions, in community houses, the organization of new choral and orchestral groups, the utilization of the skills of young composers—these are objectives which only cooperative thinking and planning can achieve.

But I have strayed from 1945.

Let me end by listing what I consider the three most distinguished compositions I heard last year. They are Piston's Second Symphony, Prokofieff's Fifth Symphony, and Hindemith's Violin Sonata.

FREDERIC EWEN.

"Show Boat"

"SHOW BOAT," seen today in revival, is obviously the papa of *Oklahoma* and *Carousel.* In my ignorance—shared by the daily reviewers—*Carousel* seemed almost totally new. To put it bluntly, one is not accustomed to a death scene in a musical, nor to moods of self-examination, nor to dialogue that reaches toward moral questions. And yet, *Carousel* is but the latest development of a technic broached by *Show Boat,* and after seeing both in the same season the possibility seems reasonable that we are due for a truly serious play-in-music, a form which holds great promise for the revitalization of our theater.

When it was written, *Show Boat* may have seemed much less significant than it appears today. I do not believe, for instance, that its 1927 audience listened with the same emotions to "Old Man River" as today's audience does. Not that the play is intended or received as a "social" one. The fact remains, however, that few musicals dealing with so glittering a subject as a show boat would include the oppressed mankind that load it. It is the wonderful effectiveness of this simple reaching toward reality, on a musical-show plane, that previsions the importance of its form for the future. It is this near-fidelity, spotty as it is in *Show Boat,* that is Hammerstein's contribution to our musical stage.

A great deal has been said about the new possibilities of the musical. But it is not hard to see a deep hole in the road just ahead. So far the good ones, *Bloomer Girl* among them, have taken historical periods and tapped the comedy to be found in their manners, dress and customs. I daresay if another musical opens in which a bustle, a bloomer or a hay dialect is the key to its charm it will run the risk of failure on the grounds of repetition alone, and its evasions will become more obvious.

For the scenes of serious mood in *Carousel* and in *Show Boat* reveal how magical an effect an entirely serious musical play could have. Crudely written as it is, the *Show Boat* scene in which "Bill" is sung strongly suggests the mood of a drama, and proves how mistaken is the notion that the musical must be comedy. I think too that once the form is utilized with dramatic emphasis it will call up more intelligent, more meaningful lyrics and break down the choking strictures of our popular song forms. Some of the lyrics and music of *Carousel* show the effect of this pressure.

Seen historically the revival of *Show*

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Boat, then, is more than fortuitous. Its music is lasting. Its story, however sentimental and glamorized, is still as serious as the stories of most popular fiction. But most indicative of both Hammerstein's path for the future, and of the future itself, is the fact that *Show Boat* is one of the very few musicals in history even to attempt an adult view of life. In this basic seriousness lies the development of the form which, more than any other, can effect an epic translation of experience without foregoing color and variety.

As for this revival itself, the production is first-rate. There is neither space nor a just excuse for singling out individuals in a tremendous cast. Be it said, the settings by Howard Bay, the dances by Helen Tamiris and the direction by Hammerstein were all expert and to the point. Jerome Kern's music by now seems like part of America, and to my ear was played very well indeed.

MATT WAYNE.

Recent Films

THE controversy over showing war films so many months after the V-Days is so much critical dishwater. Any film that contributes insight into human experience is timely. But I will agree that we have had more than enough war films that merely repeat the slick Rover Boy pattern. For all its good qualities, *They Were Expendable* (Capitol) is in this group. John Ford, who directed it, can—like Milestone, Wilder, Rene Clair and the newcomer Edward Dimytryk—use a cameraman with extreme artistry and cleverness. He imparts to *Expendable* a directness and freshness that moves the story along at a rapid clip. And the way the PT boats cream through the water is a constant visual pleasure. As for content, it is highly possible that the PT boats of the film created all that first-class damage against Japanese battleships of the line. It is even possible that a mere two torpedoes were able to sink a cruiser. But as one sailor put it, no two "fish" ever sank a big boat that he ever heard of. That is to say, the film, which presents these achievements as customary PT affairs, violates the sense of reality, especially that of a number of combat sailors in the audience. The transference of General MacArthur to Australia is accompanied by so reverential an air as to be nauseating. As he follows his corn cob pipe (does he ever smoke it?) down the dock to the waiting PT boat, the screen orchestra plays "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord." As our Frederick V. Field put it, "It is time for an imperial rescript from MacArthur that even *he* is no longer divine."

JOSEPH FOSTER.

THE films are using psychoanalysis as a new happy ending mechanism. For them it has the advantage that the tracking down of a neurosis has all the excitement of a mystery story, while the fixation on the love affair as the central fact of human existence acquires the seeming sanction of a science.

Both these advantages are exploited in the English picture *The Seventh Veil* (Winter Garden). There is well sustained tension as the neurosis of the heroine, a pianist who finds herself unable to put her hands on the piano keys, is explored on a path on which three men are landmarks. At the end of the path—or rather the beginning—is that favorite film origin of woman's love, the desire for submission.

If *The Seventh Veil* has a more persuasive sense of reality than similar recent offerings from Hollywood it is for accidental reasons. For one thing the duller English lighting and the absence of the mechanically perfect give a better physical sense of reality. Moreover, the English actors are allowed to talk like ordinary people instead of the mechanical ejectors of epigrams that Hollywood considers necessary to match its other perfect machines. But the English reality is only a comparative matter. *The Seventh Veil* is essentially as cliche as the Hollywood products.

I. S.

The Dance

CARMELITA MARACCI, who gave a performance at Carnegie Hall on January 6, is a great dancer. Her work is in the Spanish tradition but as an origin, not a restricting frame. She is satirical, comic, stately, grave—no mood is beyond her range. Thus her choreography for a dance based on the anti-war drawings of Goya expresses the anguish of bereavement with remarkable dignity; her rendition of a gypsy's sense of alienation combines, in a moving way, pathos with defiance; her treatment of adolescents reacting to the excitements of the bull ring is sensitively observant; and her performances of more traditionally Spanish dances have verve but, above all, an impeccable rhythm clear to the last echo of the castanets. There was not a single number in which, either as dancer or choreographer, she failed to fulfill her intention or where the intention lacked the distinction of personality.

J. K.

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